

# Sports Illustrated



NOVEMBER 4, 1968 50 CENTS

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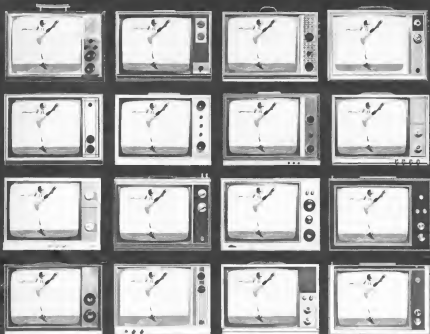
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## Next week

A THREE-WAY BATTLE for the AFL's Western title is developing among Oakland, Kansas City and San Diego. Edwan Shrike covers the showdown between Raiders and Chiefs.

A SHORTSTOP is what he might well have been, confesses author and critic Wilfred Sheed, as he reflects upon the uses of sport in the life of a small English boy in America.

FLORIDA'S INVASION by such exotic critters as walking catfish, the red-whiskered bulbul and the giant porcupine tend to be regarded with foreboding by Martin Kane.



# The Sheraton-Humboldt is about as close as you'll ever get to cloud 9.

You arrive at this hotel by cable car. From the window of your suite, you are surprised to find yourself looking down at the clouds. Through them, you see colorful Caracas on one side and the sparkle of the Caribbean on the other. You are 7,000 feet in the air at the Sheraton-Humboldt in Venezuela.

The Sheraton-Humboldt is one of an international Sheraton chain of hotels and motor inns that can now serve you better because it is part of ITT.

## Needs of a changing world

It is sometimes said that the only constant is change. To help meet the challenges of competition and the changing travel patterns of both tourist and businessman, Sheraton plans call for a streamlined chain of facilities and a fast-moving international construction program.

Detailed plans are now being worked out for over 25 new hotels worldwide. In addition, the Sheraton chain has been carefully combed by teams of experts to upgrade existing facility and service standards.

Sheraton is also expanding its interests into the field of medicine, to help meet the future needs of young and old. This new venture is the development of what Sheraton calls Continuing Medical Care Centers. These will provide a full range of medical services for patients requiring recuperation and restorative services between acute hospital care and their return to daily living.

Such a facility is to be built close to the University of Vermont Medical Center Hospital in Burlington. Rates will be substantially lower than the existing private and semi-private rates at local hospitals.

This unique development is but another example of how ITT's resources and philosophy of competitive growth can respond to changing needs in a changing world.

## Back to the Sheraton-Humboldt

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If you left your car at the airport back home, it was very likely in one of our parking spaces. One of our companies offers parking space for 140,157 cars at airports, and at hospitals and central business districts, in 88 cities, located in 40 states, the District of Columbia, Puerto Rico and Canada.

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## ITT and you

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# ITT



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# BOOKTALK

A famed French mountaineer tells of his quiet joy in the face of terror

To the sea-level skeptic, the mere fact that "they are there" has never seemed an adequate explanation of why otherwise sensible men insist on climbing mountains. In a thoughtful autobiography entitled *Starfighter and Storm* (Oxford University Press, New York: \$7) the famed French mountaineer Gaston Rébuffat offers a more personal insight. Consider this recollection of one of his early efforts. "As we climbed," he writes, "I seemed to understand the meaning of our exploit. It was not the increasing nearness of the summit, or the climb in itself, that filled us with a quiet joy, but the feeling that mind and muscles were fulfilling their intended function."

Even though half his life seems to have been spent dangling from frozen ropes or perching on sub-zero nights in eight-inch niches on vertical walls, Rébuffat writes of his mountains with reverence and simplicity. They are, one soon comes to realize, his whole life.

Thanks to the 43 magnificent photographs Rébuffat has included in this book, the reader can experience the swirling snow and terrible cold of the heights, and the sharp ring of steel pitons being driven into rock seems to echo clear across the cols.

All the elements that enliven life are recounted here. There is terror, and a measure of solidity, too, in the face of uncontrollable dangers. There was that time on the Pic Badille when the author was caught on an icy shelf, his legs hanging off into space, while a lightning storm raged. "Each time it whetened the night for a second, we cowered fearful against the rock, mere shadows of life." Or on a later climb when "great blocks as large as the towers of the Notre Dame were detaching themselves, rolling, rebounding . . ."

Mountains demand resourcefulness, and there is much of that. Once Rébuffat's partner fell 80 feet through space, and Rébuffat (reflexively, in a split second) had to pull up the rope to shorten his fall, being careful not to cinch it too tightly around the rock and thus break it from an abrupt jerk.

Of course, there is constant danger, like electricity in the air, keeping the senses sharp and the eyes unblinking. But, best of all there is joy, sometimes at odd moments, but always at the end of successful climbs, such as on the Baume des Écrins. "We stood for a long time on the summit, proud at heart and gravely rejoicing in the unfolding of the world around us, in the tiredness of our muscles, in the smiles exchanged. That midday at the top of the Écrins it seemed to me I was born a second time."

Even vicariously, the reader may experience a kindred feeling

—DAN LEVIN



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# KANSAS

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## SHOPWALK

Valhalla for chess set collectors is a London shop run by Mackett Beeson

Wedge obscurely between a stationery store and a café on a narrow street just off London's Berkeley Square is a shop that represents Valhalla to a host of quiet sportsmen—the chess set collectors of the world. Hardly bigger than a chessboard itself, it is dark and crammed with chessmen from floor to ceiling. The owner, a 55-year-old, red-haired Scot from Ayr named Mackett Beeson, sits hidden away in what he calls his office behind a neat stack of chessboards. Beeson has been collecting chess sets for collectors since 1949 and may just qualify, therefore, as the world's ranking expert on chessmen.

"The sets that cost £100 or less are my bread-and-butter trade," says Beeson, "but what I'm mainly interested in and always looking for is the antique and the unusual. I don't get to see them very long. There is a collector waiting for each one I find." To search out and capture these rarities, Beeson now employs a full-time staff of three. Sets of every possible description pass through his shop and out to the rest of the world: mother-of-pearl, amber, cast iron, wood, porcelain, glass, bronze, silver, gold and, of course, ivory. They have come in an amazing variety of forms. One of his loveliest was carved in ivory by a French craftsman named Boutrolle and depicted the Battle of Waterloo. Arranged on the French side were four-inch-high figures of Napoleon (king), the Empress Marie Louise (queen), Marshals Ney and Soult (bishops), plus the Arc de Triomphe and miscellaneous gunners. Their enemy was represented by King William III (king), Louise of Prussia (queen) and Generals Wellington and Blücher (bishops).

Prior to World War II collecting chess sets had merely been a hobby for Beeson, but when he came out of the RAF after the war he decided to turn his labor of love into a source of income. He set up shop on Carnaby Street but he was driven out by the mod fashion explosion in 1961 and moved to his present address at 22 Lansdowne Row, Mayfair W.1.

Beeson usually has about 200 sets in the shop at any one time, but two of them he will never part with. One was carved out of Turkish ivory in Muenster in 1745 and is Beeson's favorite of 30 years' standing. He values it at £1,800 and keeps it tucked away in one of the shop's darkest corners. The other, constructed during a slightly more modern era, is made of eye-catching black and white fiber glass in figures three inches high. "That's my fashion model," says Beeson. "I rent it out to TV companies who want to lend a little tone to a scene they happen to be shooting."

LAVINIA SCOTT-ESLIE

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# SCORECARD

## THE OLYMPICS, LIVE

It was a relatively discordant and unsheltered Olympics. The world's much-heralded gaps, between nations, races and generations, were several times made visible, and there were more disgruntled interviews than usual. Russia expressed displeasure with its team before the Games were over, and American officials publicly scolded and then cast out two of the best U.S. competitors.

But in any other competitive international convocation—a United Nations session, say, or a peace conference—such notes would have seemed only mildly sour. It was still the Olympics, and it brought some of the world's best people together on common ground and in mutual respect. There were still the traditional scenes of Pakistanis mixing with Kenyans and Aussies in wildly heterogeneous congeniality. Sociological considerations did not obscure the muscular and spiritual crises of individual athletes, rising to the occasion or being mastered by it. There was plenty of beautiful motion.

And Americans got a better look at it all than ever before. Dedicated U.S. home viewers, in fact, had a better view than any VIP guest in Mexico City. ABC television was on hand with 464 gold-jacketed personnel, 24 miles of cable and a camera seemingly ready to pick up every sweat suit that moved. The network's orchestration of live, taped, slow-motion, stop-action and split-screen coverage of events at 16 different sites for 16 days has been criticized as too jumpy and as overlarded with commercials, but on balance it was a laudable job of comprehension and analysis. The filmed studies of the leading contenders' forms were edifying, and the on-the-spot pursuit was typified by the sight of Howard Cosell chasing Charlie Greene around the track after the 100-meter final. It is good to know, firsthand, what an Olympian has to say when he's still out of breath.

ABC says the 44 hours of telecast time

cost \$12 million and will turn no very sizable profit, but there is no doubt that the big enterprise paid off. The cameras' scrutiny deprived the Games of a purely athletic appearance and made them a deeper ceremony.

## HORSES OF WORSHIP

Last Sunday, for the first time in three years, the Rev. Paul Bryant of Columbus, Ohio did not commemorate the Ohio Western Horse Association round-up by conducting church services in the Columbus Coliseum astride a horse. As usual, a good percentage of the congregation was on horseback, but Rev. Bryant, whose own buck was bothering him, just rode into the arena, dismounted and preached from his feet. Fortunately, the event had not been billed as the Sermon on the Mount.

## FORGING A LITTLE NATURE

The symposium, Man and Nature in the City, held Oct. 21-22 in Washington, D.C. under the auspices of the U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, was given over largely to the traditional pursuits of planners, beautifiers and parks, fish and wildlife men, some 250 of whom attended. Nature, it was generally agreed, is good for even a city man, making him healthier, happier and less inclined to throw fire bombs. The lack of nature in the cities was pointed out and deplored. It was recommended that whatever nature could be found near cities be publicly acquired and that more symposia be held.

Somewhat at odds with the consensus was Dr. Robert N. Young, executive director of the Baltimore Regional Planning Council. He gently chided his colleagues for being at heart, despite their new concern for urban problems, rural-type men with rural-type notions. The inner-city citizen, said Young, seldom has the means or the inclination to seek out and take advantage of traditional forms of nature, even if they are only as far away as the nearest suburb.

Therefore, Young said, Baltimore planners see the need for manufactured nature. On the Baltimore drawing boards are blocklong brooks babbling down decorative concrete valleys, miniforests of potted trees, and inner-city hills and dales made of tastefully arranged and camouflaged rubble piles.

"It is cheaper to throw up a hill with a bulldozer than to find and buy an existing hill," said Young. "Also, manufactured natural features can be made out of materials and put in places that are familiar and reassuring for inner-city dwellers." A spontaneous, nonsynthetic natural feature, the implication seems to be, would be too rich for an urbanite's blood.

## A GOOD-SIZED BACK

How do you defend against a 415-pound fullback? That is the question opponents of Central High School, Charlotte Court House, Va., must answer this year. For Central is blessed with Carlton (Tiny Tam) Vaughn.

Carlton, a 17-year-old junior, is 6'



3½", has a 20" neck and 54" waist, and wears a uniform pieced together by Central's home economics department out of three pairs of pants and two jerseys. He opened the season as the entire left side of Central's defensive line, but, since nobody ever ran to his side and he wasn't getting any experience, Coach Howard Williams started using him at fullback. He has averaged 7 carries a game and 6 yards a carry, without blocking. "When Carlton is going to run," Williams says, "we tell our offensive line to just get out of the way. They could be hurt badly if he happened to fall on them." Since

continued

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## SCORECARD

the defense must generally commit 10 players to dragging Carlton down, Central has scored 6 touchdowns after faking handoffs to him.

So Carlton deserves much of the credit for the all-Negro team's 7-1 record in the Virginia Interscholastic League. Williams also sees him, although his grades are not good enough for college, as an eventual pro prospect, if he brings his weight down to a solid 325 pounds through weight lifting and grows a few inches taller.

If he doesn't slim down, it won't be because of inactivity. He gets up at 4:30 a.m. to work on a nearby dairy farm until 6:30 and goes back to the farm after school to work from 9 to 10:30 p.m. If he does become svelte, it should add something to his speed, which Williams has never bothered to time, but it may detract from his style, which is known as "the earthquake trot."

### THREADS INSTEAD OF STICKS

Yogi Berra has an explanation for the fact that hitters have been overshadowed by pitchers lately. "I don't like Little Leagues," he says flatly. "Look, these kids play—whit, five or six innings? They may get to hit twice. They get a fancy uniform and they hit twice. When I was a kid, we'd get to bat 100 times a day."

Yogi may be right, but he's bucking the trend in more than junior baseball. With the major leagues expanding as they are, more and more kids, whether they can hit or not, are going to be wearing those fancy uniforms.

### SOME BOOBY PRIZE

When the Pittsburgh Steelers beat the Philadelphia Eagles 6-3 last Sunday in Pittsburgh, they lost the O. J. Simpson Super Bowl. The Steelers-Eagles game was a match made in hell, or at least in the basement, but its stakes were high. Since both teams entered the game winless and deadlocked for last place in all of pro football, the Eagles, by refusing to depart from form, gained the inside track on the first pick in the postseason player draft—an opportunity to claim Southern Cal's precious O. J.

From the attitude of Pittsburgh fans during the weeklong buildup to the contest, however, you would not have guessed that so much was at stake. Not only did the term "Futility Bowl" gain wide currency, but the word around town

continued



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#### SCORECARD continued

was that both teams would run onto the field backward.

Thus do Steelers fans stave off their despair—thus, and by leaving early. Since spectators at Steelers games have been departing Pitt Stadium in droves during the third quarter of most games, saloon wits had advice for persons holding tickets to the Futility Bowl: "Wait till the game is over and beat the crowd." If such black humor spreads to Philadelphia, O. J. may start trying to figure a way to beat the draft.

#### STANDS ON LAND

Democrat incumbent Bert Cole has 52 years' experience as commissioner of public lands in the state of Washington, but as a campaigner he is a little stuffy, at least in comparison with his opponent, Richard A.C. Greene.

Greene, a big, round-faced, bespectacled Republican with a thick black mustache, promises to return law and order to Washington's forests by requiring deer hunters to stop shooting each other. His other stands include

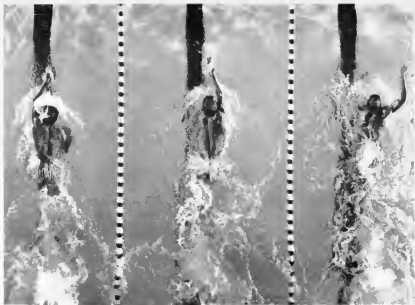
On Indian fishing rights, "Individual catches will be limited to four Indians." On land use, "Land should be used gently but firmly." On Whidbey Island, "Whidbey Island must be replaced." On Quilcene oysters, "Baked at high heat with a little chive, parsley, garlic and wine."

A Seattle newspaper has called Greene's campaign a joke, and overseeing a state's land is to be sure no laughing matter, although many of the things that happen to America's diminishing store of unused land are absurd. But Greene, who trounced three other Republicans in the September primary, says he's serious. "If elected, I shall be the sort of land commissioner who will go out fearlessly and commission the land."

#### THEY SAID IT

- Mrs. Maxine Mitchell, 51, a member of the U.S. Olympic women's fencing team, on the sex tests prior to the Games: "I must admit I was worried for a while. I have four children and eight grandchildren. I wondered what I was going to tell them. 'Call me grandpa'."
- Terry Hanratty, Notre Dame's star quarterback, after breaking a record held by legendary George Gipp: "I feel as if I just broke a piece of my mother's expensive china."

END



## High-powered liquid meal increases speed of swimmers

### Sprinters beat own best times after drinking Carnation Instant Breakfast

Forty 100-yard free-style sprinters put Carnation Instant Breakfast to the test. They drank it, mixed with milk, before controlled trials. The results: the swimmers averaged significantly faster times after the special liquid meal than without it!

**"Energy Edge" emerges**  
Competing on an empty stomach may cause stomach distress. Solids may take 4 to 6 hours to digest. But because Carnation Instant Breakfast is a liquid meal, it is quickly and easily absorbed, without nausea or cramps. The carbohydrates are immediately

available for energy. Psychologically, the swimmers felt that this liquid meal provided them with an "energy edge."

**Packed with nutrition**  
Carnation Instant Breakfast is nutritionally balanced. Mixed

with milk, it provides a day's supply of vitamin C, the orange juice vitamin... as much protein as 2 eggs... all the mineral nourishment of 2 bacon strips... and more food energy than 2 slices of buttered toast.

#### Not just for athletes

Got a busy, hectic morning ahead? You, too, can benefit from this high-powered meal. It will help you get going right now, and keep you going all morning long. You'll feel at your peak. Ready to set a few records of your own. So, get fired up with Carnation Instant Breakfast—the one that may give you an "energy edge."



Research documents Carnation Instant Breakfast "Energy Edge"

# Dandruff— nature's gentle plague.

## Important information from Head & Shoulders.

Although dandruff isn't a serious disease, it can be very embarrassing. Most people react negatively to the sight of dandruff. You probably do when you notice it on others. But today, there's no reason for white flakes to spoil your appearance. Not if you understand what dandruff is and what you can do about it.

**WHAT IS DANDRUFF?** It is simply the abnormal scaling of the external layer of your scalp. Normally this layer—twenty to forty cells deep—is worn off every day, a few layers at a time, as the outer cells are shed and replaced by new cells. In this normal process, you wouldn't notice anything. The flakes are too small. But the dandruff scalp is a different story. Flakes may peel twenty to fifty layers thick, often before the life cycle of the cells is completed. These are flakes you can see. The kind you call dandruff.

**WHAT CAUSES DANDRUFF?** Among the possible causes cited by various authorities are hormonal imbalance, malfunction of the sebaceous glands, allergic sensitivity, and even lack of rest, emotional stress, or diet deficiency. But the most widely accepted theory is that dandruff is a mild form of disease caused by the presence of micro-organisms such as bacteria and fungi.

**WHO HAS DANDRUFF?** Just about everyone except children has, has had, or will have a dandruff problem. A recent study showed that only 6% of a representative sample of our population claims never to have had dandruff. And although dandruff seems more noticeable in the wintertime, because of darker clothing, hats, and less time outdoors, it is almost as common in warm weather as in cold. In fact, whoever you are, wherever you live, you probably have some degree of dandruff.

**WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT DANDRUFF?** Daily brushing, massage and frequent shampooing may help control dandruff. There are many dandruff shampoos and even prescription products available. But some are laborious to use, and others contain sub-

stems and tars—not exactly a treat to apply to your hair. Most of the shampoos you try are not really effective against dandruff for more than a day or two. Head & Shoulders is an exception.

**AN IMPORTANT CLINICAL REPORT.** A study of shampoos and their effectiveness in controlling dandruff was recently conducted by a leading group of dermatologists. It confirmed that, with regular use, Head & Shoulders really works to control dandruff. In fact, Head & Shoulders was found to be as effective as the leading prescription product.

**WHY IS HEAD & SHOULDERS SO EFFECTIVE?** You can't see it, but Head & Shoulders contains an anti-dandruff ingredient found in no other shampoo. This ingredient is so unique, so long lasting, it works for many days between shampoos. Just shampoo as you normally would—using Head & Shoulders—and you can virtually forget about your dandruff problem.

**ARE DANDRUFF SHAMPOOS BAD FOR YOUR HAIR?** Not Head & Shoulders. Years of research were spent developing an ingredient which would effectively control dandruff—without compromising the qualities which give hair luster, body and manageability. The product which resulted not only provides superior dandruff control, but retains all the benefits you find in the finest shampoos. No shampoo, with or without an anti-dandruff ingredient, leaves hair shinier or easier to handle than Head & Shoulders. None leaves hair cleaner or more natural looking. What we're saying is no matter which shampoo you've used before—you're better off with Head & Shoulders. Not just for you—but for everyone in your family.

**ONE FINAL WORD.** Since your hair is such an important part of the total impression you make, why risk "turning people off" with dandruff? Now that you know all about it, why not make Head & Shoulders your regular shampoo?

# Beware of tiny tape recorders.

A tiny tape recorder can be a ball. It can easily become your favorite new toy. And that's where you've got to be careful.

Because that's how most tiny tape recorders are put together.



Like toys. After a couple of weeks, the fun's over and you've shot the bundle. The Panasonic RQ-210S is no toy.

It's more like a miracle.

A miracle made possible through science fiction come true.

Something called integrated circuitry. Where you can take 51 separate components and reduce them into 5 solid little somethings the size of a postage stamp. Solid little somethings impervious to heat, shock, or whatever. Which is why so many of them are riding around in all the rockets these days.

Over 70% of the 210's insides are Integrated Circuitry. (If the other tiny ones have any, it's a big deal.) Which lets it take a pounding that would put others on the junk pile, and still come up with solidarity and sound that impress even the pros.

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You can put down up to two hours of inventories, memos, conferences, or fun and games. As opposed to 30 minutes' worth for most other *mini*-models. And playback will be perfect every time, because recording levels are set automatically.

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Toys are definitely not in our line.



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*The face race has a new winner.*



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***TEST SHAVE A FASTBACK SHAVER. GREAT NEW SHAPE FOR SHAVING!***





It happens every generation.  
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## Old Grand-Dad.

The up-and-coming generation is making a discovery—uncovering the pleasure of drinking Old Grand-Dad.

Who can blame them if they think they're the first? After all, their fathers thought so, too. And neither genera-

tion cares that Grand-Dad costs more. They know Old Grand-Dad is head of the Bourbon family.

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Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey.  
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Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company  
Franklin, Ky.



# FRESH, FAIR AND GOLDEN

*Triple medal winner Debbie Meyer sparked the U.S. swimming team in a lustrous sweep that brushed away the Olympiad's shadows* **by BOB OTTUM**

**J**ust when things looked darkest, when Mexico City was about ready to ask the world to kindly go away somewhere on the other side of the Río Bravo, along came the second week, and sane and predictable things began to happen. The swimmers, who had already moved into their stadium, began to ply the water in earnest. Farther downtown there were gymnastics—especially women's gymnastics, the girly show of sport. In other sections of the city other competitors were also doing things—sensible things that people could identify with, like boxing and stabbing at each other with foils. And there was basketball, an especially dandy sport, because everybody *really* knew who would win after all. Finally the week took on such a well-ordered look that one International Olympic Committeeman was stirred to say these Games were the cleanest in history, which indicates he must have spent most of his time going out for tacos.

Even though swimming in particular, and lesser sports in general, helped settle down the Olympics, it was hardly a well-ordered week by ordinary standards. It was suggested that the reason why many of those track and field athletes had limped out of the stadium after the first week was that large sums of money had been stuffed into their track shoes by track shoe manufacturers. One athlete, unidentified, tried to cash a \$1,440 shoe-company check right





at the Olympic Village, which must have left his shoe man shaking in his striped spikes. There was a hasty move to sweep much of this news under the Tartan track, but a full investigation had to be launched. By way of explanation, Bob Paul, in his almost insoluble job as press-relations man for the U.S. Olympic Committee, said, in two breaths, "Do not pay any attention to all these rumors," and, "We have a private investigator working on the case."

As if the shoe scandal, following the glove shindy, was not enough, a band of crusty officials decided to invalidate the bronze medal won by the Swedish modern pentathlon team. The culprit was a Swede who allegedly drank too many beers to steady his hand before the pistol shooting event. He managed to get his hand so steady, doctors said, that it was almost stiff. They found more than the minimum allowable amount of alcohol in his blood—and would Sweden please send back the medal? Well, the pentathlon shooters have always had a few belts to brace themselves, and the alcohol rule is indicative only of the depths of purity to which modern pentathlon has sunk. Back in the old days Russian Igor Novikov, who won a silver medal in Tokyo, occasionally got so rock-steady that he had to be carried to the shooting line, and at the 1963 world championships in Bern, Switzerland one competitor showed up sloshed, sang a few old drinking

*continued*



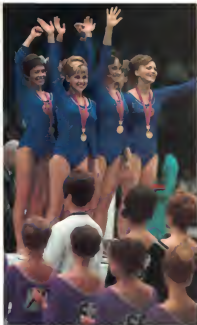
songs and waved his pistol at the crowd for special effect.

These were not the only troubles. The masseur of the Dutch cycling team was packed on a plane and sent home after unauthorized vitamins and medicines were found in his room and, presumably, in his athletes; Tom Evans, head coach of the U.S. freestyle wrestling squad, which picked up two silver medals, charged angrily that other nations were conspiring to throw certain matches; and five referees were withdrawn from the boxing ring because they "allowed contestants to take too much punishment."

As a final touch, officials got to worrying about maintaining a certain dignity in the closing ceremonies (in Tokyo one team marched in wearing suits, shirts, ties, coats, shoes and socks—and carrying their pants over their arms). The committee in charge revised the program, specifying blandly that each nation would be limited to just seven sober marchers, thus raising a howl from hundreds of athletes whose only reason for staying in town was to parade in that grand finale. Slews of people marched anyway.

But just as the whole thing seemed to be lurching out of control, the American swim kids, who do not compete in track shoes or shoot pistols, put the 1968 Olympiad back together again. For all those peripheral troubles, for all the talk of scandal, they made the Games more than worthwhile. "We are up to here in heroes and heroines," raved that emotional wreck, Sherman Chavoor, the U.S. girls' team coach. "I mean, look at Debbie Meyer. Look at Mike Burton. Kids like this make America great. They are a dream team."

They were all of that. By Saturday night the dream



Pretty, young Russian gymnasts, overall team champions, saluted fans.

Basketball captain Mike Sullivan battled Yugoslavia's Rajkovic (7) for the ball as the U.S. upset the pre-Olympic form chart and won easily.





American William Steinkamp, in his fourth Olympics, cleared all but one barrier cleanly to finally take a gold medal in Grand Prix jumping.

swim team had swept five events, set four world and 17 Olympic records and had taken 58 medals—leaving 41 for the rest of the world to split up. From the start the swimmers had fought successive waves of stomach cramps and what 22-year-old Douglas Russell called *The Altitude Monkey*. "You get in that ol' pool, you start thinking about 7,349 feet—and suddenly that monkey jumps right in there on top of you," he said. They were also competing in what was by American standards a slow pool, with the water level just far enough below the gutters to create everything but whitecaps whenever swimmers competed. On the night of the storm-tossed men's 400-meter freestyle relay Ken Walsh climbed out of the water, looked at the pool and murmured, "It's murder in there. You make the turn and suddenly you're going bump, bump, bump over the waves. Almost enough to make you seasick." Still, the team had bumped its way through the course in 3:31.7, ahead of the Russians and Australians, for both world and Olympic records.

Then, of course, there were the performances of Debbie Meyer, who deserves a ticker-tape parade through her home town of Sacramento, Calif. Miss Meyer is 16, about to be beautiful, not old enough to wear makeup—well, maybe just a tiny hint of eyeshadow—with a businesslike tawny haircut and the posture of a coiled spring. "After this," she said last week, "I am going to go home and stuff myself."

Debbie won her event—and broke an Olympic record—every time she sprang into the pool and peeked over at her competitors from beneath her dripping bangs. On Sunday night she churned her way through the 400-meter freestyle in 4:31.8 and said, "I felt real easy all the way." On Tuesday she swam the 200-meter freestyle in 2:10.5 and shrugged, "I'll still swim one year more. Oh, well, maybe four." And on Thursday, after winning the 800-meter freestyle, she ran up to Coach Chavoor and hung her third gold medal around his neck. "Here," she said, "this one is for you." Then she thought it over for a while. "I'd like to swim in Munich in 1972," she said. "Of course, it depends on whether I make the team or not." Coach Chavoor simply gurgled.

Thus, through 33 events, did the swimmers and divers carry this stamp of marvelous purity. It was a sort of *Gidget Goes Olympian* quality that prevailed over all outside influences. Each night, as the events splashed on and the swimming stadium grew progressively more hysterical, there would be performances to make strong coaches wilt, high-lights that left audiences weak. Claudia Kolb of Santa Clara, Calif., for one example, took two individual golds, setting two Olympic records in the 200- and 400-meter medleys, winning the latter from here to Guadalajara.

There were prices to pay: the terrible oxygen debt that swimming in Mexico City demanded, the drug test that often kept swimmers waiting for hours backstage, guard-

*continued*



ed by medical authorities waiting for them to calm down enough to provide a urine sample. "After each event," said Charlie Hickcox, who won three gold and one silver medal, "we would have to go and lie down on a cot in some little back room while a Mexican medical guy sprinkled sugar into our open mouths. It was supposed to make you bounce back quickly or something. But mostly he sprinkled sugar into our eyes."

Early in the week, after Hickcox had led an American sweep of the 200-meter individual medley, 19-year-old John Ferris, who had finished third, could not rally quickly enough for the award ceremonies, a rite upon which Olympic officials place great store, sugar or no sugar. Ferris wobbled as he marched around the pool toward the victory stand with Hickcox and teammate Greg Buckingham, clutching his stomach as he went. He tried manfully to stand at attention during *The Star-Spangled Banner*, but about the time they got to "bombs bursting in air" he leaned toward Hickcox, whispered, "Look out, here I go," and fainted. Hickcox patriotically held Ferris at semi-attention through the last few bars, then let him slump gently away.

Next night Doug Russell beat 18-year-old Mark Spitz in the 100-meter butterfly dropping that overscheduled, haunted, upset young man from his expected gold medal to a silver and out of the medley relay. And the night after that a marvelous young Mexican named Felipe Muñoz churned his way through 200 meters of furious breast-stroking to whip the most surprised Russian in the world, Vladimir Kosinsky, who had held the world record in the event. The triumph set off what must have been one of the loudest, happiest, most sustained ovations in Olympic history—it was Mexico's first swimming gold medal ever—and there was hardly a person in the house who would argue that Muñoz should not have been awarded Kosinsky's ears and tail for the kill.

The rest of the swimming belonged to California's Mike Burton, who moves with the power of a pocket battleship.



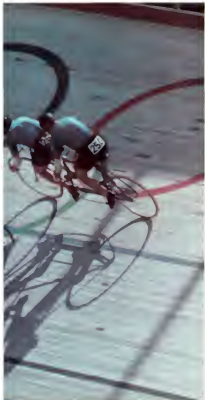
Early-morning shadows and Olympic rings bracketed the tenders.



Puffed-up U.S. heavyweight lifter Joe Dube won a bronze medal.



Glebiv Leonid Zhebolinsky of Russia, however, grabbed the gold.



Russians (in red) led Italians on Velodrome track but lost race.

On Wednesday night he set an Olympic record in the 400-meter freestyle, an event that is just a warmup for his specialty, which is swimming at fantastic, untiring speed for 1,500 meters. At the start of the Games Burton had gone over to watch the 10,000-meter run, an event that is not unlike swimming's 1,500 meters. "After four laps a guy dropped out," he said, "and it really scared me to see it."

He was kidding. Burton has never been scared in his life, and last Saturday night, in the climactic event of a watery week, he destroyed his top rival, Mexico's Guillermo Echeverria, who finished a stunned sixth. Burton won by almost 20 seconds, in 16:38.9, for another Olympic record. After the race he turned a pair of tired pink eyes on the press and said, "The thing to do is go out fast and hang on."

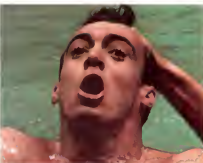
Even in defeat there was a touch of elegance about the swimmers. Don Schollander, hero of Tokyo four years ago, lost the 200-meter freestyle to the young Australian, Michael Wenden, who also won the 100 and who is described by his coach as "that basher." A few moments after the meet Schollander sat looking at his silver medal, with his mother sitting beside him, occasionally patting him on the knee. He said it was his last competitive swim. It was all over and he was glad. And what would he do now? He shrugged. "I am going to write a book," he said. "About my philosophy of swimming, what made me go. That sort of thing."

As the hot-sauce Olympics drew to an end, it was time for two other emotion-wreckers—the finals in basketball and boxing. In a spectacular copper-roofed Sports Palace out near the airport on the outskirts of town nightly crowds of up to 22,000 had watched the basketball eliminations come down to the inevitable pairing: the United States against somebody for a gold medal. It turned out to be Yugoslavia, a team that had beaten Russia 63-62, an event that was followed by a great deal of manly kissing and hugging, rolling around on the floor and general Slavic dramatics. On Friday night, although a stunning Czech dish,

continued



Agonized Mark Spitz of the U.S. lost to 100 butterfly specialty.



Surprised Australian Mike Wenden was patting after second win.







Vera Caslavskaya, was putting on a gold-medal gymnastic show at the other end of Mexico City (she won four in all, to thunderous applause, even from her competitors, who tossed her triumphantly in the air), everybody else in town, it seemed, was pained cheek to mustache into the Sports Palace to see the showdown—Hank Iba and his boys against Ranko Zeravica and his gang.

There was a lot at stake. The U.S. had never lost a game in Olympic basketball and had run up 74 consecutive victories. Further, the Americans had come into the Olympics haunted by the specter of players who were not there. For one reason or another that list of absentees included Lew Alcindor, Elvin Hayes and Westley Unseld. The American press insisted on calling the team ragtag or patchwork, labels that stung the players, all of whom can read quite well. And what many had overlooked was the fact that the gravel-voiced old (64) Iba was coaching at Oklahoma State about the same time Zeravica was born, and he somehow manages to pump his players up to roughly 100 pounds beyond their normal pressure.

Still, in the final confrontation, the U.S. team started slowly enough to scare everybody on the bench—especially Coach Iba, who kept yelling, "Cut that out!" It was obvious the players had closing-night jitters. Through the first half they had trouble holding as much as a three-point lead, while the Mexican spectators cheerfully whistled—which is booing in Mexico City, as in much of the world. When the half mercifully ended, at 32-29 for the U.S., Iba took his boys somewhere underneath the stands to talk about fundamentals.

"He just told us to forget about the first half," said Jo Jo White, the superb playmaker who in calmer times picks defenses apart for the University of Kansas. No team ever followed orders better. When the second half began, White and company started a fire-wagon, steal-the-ball offense that ran off 17 straight points while the Yugoslavs remained scoreless. The burst gave the U.S. a 49-29 lead, with White getting eight points and 19-year-old Spencer Haywood, who would like to be an actor but who is first destined to become a Bill Russell for a few years, getting another eight. After that, Iba played everybody except the team doctor, who was not feeling too well, and the usual visiting movie actor, who crowded onto the bench in a tight tuxedo. The game ended 65-50 U.S., and the most unragtag team of them all got gold medals all around while the Yugoslavs cut down the net for a souvenir.

It was easy enough to explain. "The Americans," said Coach Zeravica, "take in their hands the, uh, the activities. After that, with our morale coming down, it is difficult to do anything with these Americans."

Then came Saturday night on the town—boxing finals at Sunnyside Arena South, an Olympic venue whose main concession to the Games was to hang white sheets over the *A Cerveza Más Fina* beer signs. All week long the fans had been building for the occasion, yelling "¡vamos!"

(hands) at the officials and showering coins, oranges and Mexican bre-a-brac into the ring. After one spirited fight a photographer jumped in and pounded the referee with his newspaper. Mexican fight fans, Olympics or no Olympics, take the show seriously.

The U.S. squad, with four left-handers, was not, by Coach Pappy Gault's standards, as talented as the 1964 team that won only one gold medal (Joe Frazier's), but each man knew the complex international rules and all were determined to the point of dedication. None of the boxers left the Olympic Village for two weeks except to fight. They did not go for "that demonstration stuff," as Gault termed it, because they were proud to represent the United States. Of the 11 who started in the eliminations seven made it into the semifinals. Harlan Marbley, 25, a light flyweight from Washington, D.C.; James Wallington Jr., 24, a light welterweight from Philadelphia; John Baldwin, 19, a light middleweight from Detroit; and Alfred Jones, 22, a Detroit middleweight, came away from the semis a bit sadder (they lost their bouts) but still wearing bronze medals.

Featherweight Albert Robinson, 21, on leave from the U.S. Naval Air Station at Alameda, Calif., for a while came away with nothing at all—although he was, in his bout, walloping the froges out of Mexico's Antonio Roldan. Suddenly the blood came gushing from Roldan's forehead. Robinson had butted, the Russian referee said, although he made the call when Robinson was pounding merrily away on Roldan's head at arm's length. Robinson was disqualified, which cost him the gold and almost the silver. At first, that was denied him, as was the bronze. Fortunately, an appeal was upheld the next day and Robinson was decked in silver.

Lightweight Ronnie Harris, a 20-year-old Ohioan, won a gold medal and later noted that he had been both sick and scared but that he had prayed to God and that his faith had pulled him through. From ringside it looked like faith and good counterpunching, but no matter, the stage was now set for the heavyweight finale.

George Foreman, the typical 19-year-old 218-pounder from Houston, ruined Russia's balding 29-year-old Jones Chepulis with approximately 200 left jabs that caused Chepulis' nose to bleed quite a lot and eventually led to a halt in the second round. After the fight Foreman received a cluster of roses from someone at ringside and promptly presented the bouquet to the Russian—they matched his nose nicely—and then grabbed up a little U.S. flag from Pappy Gault and kissed it for the crowd.

It was, for all the touch of corn, a fitting tribute to a surprising U.S. Olympic team. In all sports, the Americans won 107 medals, 45 of them gold. The sailors won two gold medals, Bill Stemkranz won a gold in Grand Prix horse jumping and Gary Anderson, the rifle shot, won a gold. And in sports where Americans have never been strong—like gymnastics and cycling—while they did not score this time they gave plenty of evidence that in the next Olympiad they might just do that. The Mexican Olympics, like most of the ones before them, had their problems, but a lot of people found a lot of wonderful ways of overcoming them.

AND

Czech platform winner Milena Duchková spun and primed, Ann Peterson arched gracefully, then let her hair down on victory stand.



## ROUND ONE GOES TO BALTIMORE

*In the first of two encounters that may well decide the Coastal Division title, the Baltimore Colts whipped the Los Angeles Rams 27-10 to tie them for first place and set up the crucial rematch in December* **by TEX MAULE**

**T**he Baltimore Colts, playing with a controlled fury that was sometimes frightening to watch, reduced the Los Angeles Rams to sawdust before their 60,000-odd enraptured fans last Sunday. By winning 27-10, the Colts tied the Rams for the Coastal Division lead and established themselves, at the very least, as co-favorites to win the division title. For Baltimore, this was a last-ditch effort. A loss to the Rams would have put them two games behind with seven to go—and they are confronted by a more difficult schedule than the one facing Los Angeles.

The Colts were trying to rebound from a surprising 30-20 defeat at the hands of the Cleveland Browns the week before. The Baltimore press, in the days preceding this game, had been something less than kind, and the denizens of one Baltimore bar, as a practical joke, had

hung John Unnas in effigy. Some joke.

Smoldering under such unaccustomed criticism, the Colts prepared for this game with almost as much fury as they showed in the game itself. Mike Curtis, a 232-pound linebacker in his fourth season, had to be taken out of practice at one point after he had almost unpoised rookie Running Back Terry Cole. Before the game the team had a meeting—without the coaches—and Cornerback Lenny Lyles talked to them.

"We just wanted to stress togetherness," he said. "We have to hang together ourselves, no matter what the fans or the coaches or the writers say about us. When you lose, it's sometimes easy to come apart and start looking for someone to put the blame on, but we didn't do that. We stayed together."

The two Colt lines—offensive and defensive—were the key to the ease with

which the Baltimore team handled the Rams, a club which had won 14 straight league games before losing this one. The team awarded game balls to the entire offensive line after the game, but they might also have awarded four more to the defenders.

The morning of the game Bubba Smith, the 295-pound defensive end for Baltimore, got a call from his mother. "Suck up your guts and play the best you ever played, Buhba," she said. Whether because of this admonition or not, Smith was a holy terror. He and his mates dumped Roman Gabriel, who had been the best protected quarterback in the league until this day, five times for a loss of 38 yards and harnessed him so unmercifully that he was twice intercepted and picked up only 78 yards passing.

A couple of days before the game,



*In a scene typical of the day, Colts' Linebacker Mike Curtis (33) bears down on Quarterback Gabriel and tries to uncover his head.*

Norman Van Brocklin, the coach of the Atlanta Falcons, had warned of what might some day happen to the Rams after his team had lost to them in Los Angeles the week before. The blunt Van Brocklin, disgruntled as ever by defeat, greeted the Los Angeles sports writers by saying, "If the Rams ever lose that rush line, they're in trouble."

"Do you mean you don't think much of their secondary?" someone asked him.

"You're a college graduate," Van Brocklin said. "You ought to be able to figure that out."

In effect, the Rams did lose their rush line. They got to Morrall only once all afternoon and, behind the solid blocking which gave him adequate time, Morrall called a very strong game.

The Colts also surprised the Ram defense by running some plays with two tight ends in the game at the same time, a formation which is used occasionally when short yardage is needed, to provide more blocking in the line. In one such instance Morrall hit Tom Mitchell with a 41-yard scoring pass.

"They doubled John Mackey [the regular tight end] on that play," Morrall said later. "When we ran from that set before, we kept Mitchell in to block. This time he faked the block and went down and out. The linebacker tried to take him, but no back picked him up and he was wide open."

Defensively, the Colts used what is called an odd line much of the time, with a tackle stationed over the center and the line overshifted to the strong side. "We had been getting hurt on draws against San Francisco and Cleveland," explained Fred Miller, the defensive tackle who, with Billy Ray Smith, spent much of the afternoon in the Los Angeles backfield. "With the odd line, you can protect against the draw and not hurt your pass rush. It worked well."

The Colts also used the blitz freely in keeping pressure on Gabriel. Often they did not bother to disguise the red dog, stationing the linebackers in the rush line, advertising their intention. Even then the Colt blitzes were deadly.

"They used every dog in the book," said Charlie Cowan, the Ram offensive tackle who had the unenviable task of confronting the massive Buhha Smith.

"They are known as a blitzing team, but they invented some new ones today."

Gabriel, who was almost decapitated by Mike Curtis on one Baltimore blitz, said, "Usually you can break a big one on a team when it blitzes that much, but their blitzes worked. And we missed three audibles, which did not help. But that happens when you have young ballplayers in a game. And the noise they make in the stadium here makes it hard to pick up an audible, too."

Don Shula, the Baltimore coach, had prepared his team well for this game. The Colts have a sound, veteran offensive line and, in Jerry Hill and Tom Matte, two very tough, durable running backs. Shula had decided that he would have to give the Ram fearsome Four some a running attack to worry about, and he did just that.

"If they can tee off and forget about the run, they murder you," Morrall said. "So we ran on them to make them think about that. If you are running, then the defensive line must hesitate to read run. That cuts down a lot on the pass rush."

Although the Rams refused to cite injuries as an excuse for the defeat, they were battered going into the contest. Cowan, Fullback Dick Bass, End Lamar Lundy and their big Tight End Bill Truax all had nagging injuries. All of them played, but probably not at full power. The most costly injury was to Truax, who had a sprained thumb on his right hand and was unable to hold the ball. He had been the leading receiver on the club going into the game, but in it he caught only two passes, for 19 yards. Once Gabriel hit him with a high pass that slipped through his fingers and was intercepted by Jerry Logan. The interception gave Baltimore the ball on its 43-yard line, and four plays later Morrall hit Jimmy Orr for a touchdown.

Both the Colts and Rams have now won six games and lost one and they meet again in the last game of the season in Los Angeles. After Sunday's battle Deacon Jones said, "Well, it ain't the end of the world. They paid for every stinking yard they got, and I bet they got more bruises than yards. I assure you—I double assure you—the next time we meet, the results will be different. That, of course, is possible. But if the Colts play as savagely in Los Angeles as they did in Baltimore, it is not likely."

END

Billy Ray Smith, who played a quick, smart game as defensive tackle, said, "Watch us Sunday. We'll make them forget Merlin Olsen and what's his name." What's his name—All-Pro Defensive End Deacon Jones—was just another player against Baltimore.

"They made some changes that hurt us," Jones said after the game. "They have been sending their backs out and throwing to them a lot, but today they kept them in and sealed the pocket. They made us take a wide outside rush, and lots of times we overran Earl Morrall. By the time we could get back, it was too late." Jones did not mention young Sam Ball, a third-year offensive tackle from Kentucky, but he should have. Ball, who was badly beaten a year ago by Jones in a key game late in the season, spent long hours studying the movies of that disaster.

"I looked to see what he was doing when he beat me," Ball said. "I made up my mind to resume doing the things I did when I was able to keep him out and not to do the things that cost me. I made some changes and they worked. I don't want to say exactly what they were—I've got to play against Jones again this year."

# THE DOCTOR WORKS HIS MAGIC

*His reputation preceded pro basketball's Earl Monroe, one of the finest players ever to come out of Philadelphia. After a slow start—he was only Rookie of the Year—Monroe is challenging as king of the backcourt* **by FRANK DEFORD**

Gimp, hobbling along like an arthritic old man until the game begins, he comes onto the court and suddenly is whole and strong and agile, as if touched by some faith healer. Renowned for his flash, he is actually the model of efficiency, controlling the ball, and with it the game and the crowd, until, with a whoosh of verve, he has made the play.

The man weaving this magic spell is Earl The Pearl Monroe (see cover). He is a backcourt man of the new era in pro basketball. While the famous backcourt names of the '60s are not yet about to be eclipsed, they are being forced by Monroe, Detroit's Dave Bing and a lot of other young stars to move over and share their reputations as the movers and shakers of the game. Already this year Oscar Robertson and Jerry West have been injured. Robertson will be 30 later this month, and of the established backcourt stars he is the youngest. West, Hal Greer, Sam Jones, Lenny Wilkens, Guy Rodgers, Don Ohl and Dick Barnett are all older still.

Archae Clark and Wally Jones at Philadelphia, Jeff Mullins and Jimmy King at San Francisco, Chicago's Jerry Sloan, Atlanta's Walt Hazzard, New York's Walt Frazier and Bill Bradley (if they, like their team, ever untrack themselves) are among the best young guards now exerting themselves in the league. And Bing, in only his second season, managed something last year that no guard—not even West or Robertson—had done in 20 years of league play: he won the league scoring title.

But to keep that title, the man he is going to have to beat is Monroe, who as a 22-year-old rookie last year was the fourth-highest scorer. Monroe has started off this season averaging 28.5, and is tops in scoring in the NBA. Slick and always exciting, he has carried the Baltimore Bullets to their best start ever. He may even take them to the playoffs.

Al Attles, the San Francisco player-assistant coach who invariably draws the league's best offensive guards, says that

Monroe is "as close as you can come to Oscar Robertson." West, among others, thinks that Monroe is likely to succeed Bing as the scoring champion. Monroe himself is more interested in moving up in the assists standings. After losing to the Bullets a few days ago one opponent just shook his head and said, "Earl didn't get his average, but you could tell he scored just enough to beat us, and he didn't see any reason to go for any more."

Earl Monroe's rise to a position of such acclaim has been sudden. Until he averaged 41 points a game and led little Winston-Salem State to the small-college title in 1967, nobody much outside of the Negro communities in south Philadelphia and Winston-Salem had heard of him. Even after that season began to lift him out of obscurity, many pros still tended to dismiss him as a nickel-dime fancy gunner.

In February of his senior year, for instance, after a game in which Monroe seriously sprained his wrist early in the first half, but still managed to score 53 points while getting nine assists and 10 rebounds, an NBA general manager tactlessly told Monroe that it was a pretty fair job considering the competition but that Jimmy Walker and Walt Frazier were certainly much better prospects. Monroe just nodded his head. If his feelings were hurt, he did not let on. The chances are, though, that he only became more determined. "I can't see anyone better than me," Monroe said the next fall while discussing rookies before the NBA season started.

Baltimore, however, could. It had its heart set on Walker, and after the Bullets lost him to Detroit in a coin-flip of last-place teams, they chose Monroe reluctantly and only after once debating for 12 straight hours without reaching a decision.

Coach Gene Shue had seen Monroe on the one night all year when Winston-Salem lost, a game in which Monroe was checked by an old neighborhood buddy, George Mack of North Carolina A&T. On a return trip, Shue did see

Monroe at his typical best. Still, the Bullets might not have drafted Monroe if they had not been sure that another good guard, James Jones of Grambling, now in the ABA, would still be available on the second round.

This sort of initial rejection has been the pattern of Monroe's life. Pudgy as a boy and devoted to soccer—he was all-public school in Philadelphia—he did not take up basketball until he grew to 6' when he was 14 and was shamed into trying the sport.

"Of course, once I started it was every day, 10 to 11 hours a day in the hot summer, with maybe just a break for lunch," he recalls. "Now in the beginning, you know I wasn't always picked to play in the games. I didn't even make the high school varsity at John Hartram till the middle of my junior year."

"You feel it when you're not picked in those games, but I still stayed out, and I played. I remember, lots of times I would come home with a sore shoulder—right in here—from shooting all day. It sounds like the same old story, the All-American boy, but that's really the way it was," Monroe shakes his head. "You don't see that anymore that way," he says. "Kids playing all the time. It's different. Now everybody's a lover."

After graduation from John Bartram, Monroe tried to pull up his grades with another year at Temple Prep—he had college feelers from places like NYU, Temple and Western Michigan—but he dropped out after a semester to become a \$60-a-week shipping clerk. "That just made me realize how much I hated working," Monroe says now, smiling, but not so much humorously as clinically. He is most often that way, very direct. He does not waste motion.

Although Winston-Salem Coach Clarence (Big House) Gaines did not hear about Monroe until after he had left school, Ray Scott—Monroe's close friend on the Bullets today—remembers that he and other pros had long known about The Pearl. They had gone out of their way to see him play when he was

still in high school. Of the multitude of players who have come out of Philadelphia in recent years—Chamberlain included—it is doubtful that any has been held in such esteem at home as Monroe. He is sovereign in the all-pro Baker League, the toughest summer wheel in the country. The Baker floats to various locations, but no matter where it goes Monroe's fans follow it.

The hub of the action is at 12th and Columbia, in the gym that stands behind the Hope Baptist Church on the corner. The gym is fairly new, but it is windowless and dimly lit, and on an oppressive summer night the cement block walls stifle the humanity pressed against them. Still, nobody is unhappy. Everyone is there to watch Earl Monroe go into his magic act.

The faithful arrive early. Monroe, as has become his custom, arrives fashionably late, usually around the end of the

first quarter. His presence is signaled by a knowing murmur that swells to a tremorous rattle. The fans cannot see Monroe, but they can feel him, and as he nears the court the buzz increases.

"Magic's here, Magic's here," it goes, sweeping the gym. Monroe has been called more nicknames than any other athlete—and not one of them is a phony alliterative or geographical title invented by a P R. man. He is called Pearl as much as he is Earl. And Magic, too, a lot. Also he is Doctor, Slick and Batman, and underground he is Black Jesus or The Savior.

It is seldom that he disappoints his devoted followers, and often there is a special treat for them, as the time this past summer when Monroe and Bill Bradley of the Knicks, still trying to find himself as a pro player, got into a shoot-out one night and ended up with about 100 points between them. "They were

dueling," Hal Greer of the 76ers remembers. "Bradley would come down and hit from the top of the key. Then Monroe, top of the key. All long shots—first the top of the key, then the corners. It was the best duel I've ever seen."

Since Monroe's loyal followers cannot abide watching anybody else on the team handle the ball, much less shoot it, this was a classic performance, the kind Monroe likes himself. "That basketball floor," says Coach Gaines, "well, I think that is Earl's world. And the louder the applause the better Earl's going to be." The applause is not confined to Philadelphia. In the Baltimore Civic Center, there is now a special reaction, an excited murmuring every time Monroe gets the ball; there are disappointed sighs when he gives it up.

Baltimore is a branch town that generally has difficulty convincing itself that anything special could actually get start-

*continued*



*During San Diego's Pat Riley to come out and meet him, Monroe dribbles to the right, then cuts toward basket as Elvin Hayes eyes him warily.*

ed right there. It was, for instance, initially very upsetting to Baltimoreans when Johnny Unitas, a sandlot nobody, beat out George Shaw, a recognized All-America, as quarterback of the Colts. Monroe's rise to fame similarly has unsettled the order of things. The city would have felt easier about him if he had made it big in Baltimore after having gained a reputation elsewhere, if he were, say, a Bradley or a Walker. Even the Bullets continue to operate under the impression that Monroe is only a cog in the franchise. Although Owner Abe Pollin maintains that his team appreciates Monroe's special drawing value, he did not give his star a better contract when the two met after Monroe had declared publicly that he was thinking of jumping to the ABA once his two-year contract ran out. Says Pollin: "We agreed to agree [on a future raise]."

Monroe is put off by the club's attitude. "Basically, like anybody," he says, "I am worried about making money. This is not fun anymore."

Monroe is 1-Y in the draft because of arthritic knees that also include bone chips and calcium deposits. His knees, says Bullet Trainer Skip Feldman, have been swollen up to the point where they could be squeezed like sponges. Another NBA trainer doubts that Monroe can last out this year. He limps painfully most of the time off the court or before he gets warmed up. He moves tentatively, and when he straightens out his legs after they have been cramped in a car, his face, usually so bland, suddenly flushes with pain. There is, apparently, no easy remedy. "The doctor told me it is just something I have to live with," Monroe says. "This is the reason I got to get it all as soon as I can."

Monroe is not instinctively avaricious. In fact it was his pride that caused him to turn down money the first time he signed. Pittsburgh of the ABA got in touch with Monroe on the weekend of the NBA draft and offered him more than the Bullets eventually would—plus a car—but got nowhere. When the Bullets' erstwhile General Manager Buddy Jeannotte and the team treasurer, Arnold Hefi, routed him out of bed at his mother's on the same weekend, he agreed to terms almost immediately. Wearing Jeannotte's sports jacket the next morning, Monroe was dozing in a chair in the Bullets' hotel suite in Philadelphia when Coach Gaines arrived. He was to

be a consultant in contract matters, but learned that Monroe had already signed a one-year contract at \$19,000. Monroe was still tired and had lost interest in the details. Seymour Smith of *The Baltimore Sun* remembers that an exasperated Big House finally called over to Monroe:

"Will you say something, boy? It's your future we're talking about."

"I just want to see if I can play in the NBA," Monroe replied, expressionless, hardly stirring.

The contract was amended a few minutes later to two years at \$20,000 each, but the point had been made—Monroe would play in the NBA. "I think Earl tricked himself there," says Coach Gaines, "because he was given specific instructions—by me—not to sign. He had plenty of time to sign, he wasn't going anywhere. And now also, here's a kid who ends up Rookie of the Year and he finds it hard to—well, nobody wants to come up with the endorsement. I hope that this will change, or that some firm that feels the youngster has something to offer will put him in some type of executive-training program so that when basketball is over he will end up by making a contribution to something other than sport."

Thus past summer Monroe did work for the Opportunities Industrialization Center, a social organization headed by the Rev. Leon Sullivan with up to 50 agencies in this country. Monroe also traveled to veterans' hospitals in the Orient for the Defense Department.

"Earl has group loyalties I've never seen," says Coach Gaines. "One of his teammates who might be the lowest scrub on the team would get involved, and Earl would be there, trying to protect his teammate. On and off the court, too."

"If Earl had a dollar and everybody was hungry, the dollar was spent. He had a mother and a sister who indulged him and spoiled him, and when they'd send him money he'd take his group and they'd blow it all at one of these hamburger joints."

"I had one or two problems with him—well, only one major problem. I simply called his mother, and I think that was the person he didn't want me to talk. He and his mother had their little talk, and that was about it. He's very devoted to his mother and sister. He was so mad last summer at Baltimore because he still hadn't been paid some of

the bonus money he should have got at first. Anyway, he had already made a down payment on a house for his mother; in fact, he'd already moved her."

Unmarried, and with a studied intention to remain so for a while, Monroe lives in as easygoing a manner off the court as he appears loose on it. "He is the most even person I've ever met in my life," says Bullet Player-Assistant Coach Bob Ferry. Monroe's official residence remains Philadelphia, but in Baltimore he will stay sometimes at the Lord Baltimore Hotel or otherwise live, as he says, "just here and there."

Six feet three, he played at 180 in college, but finds the pros less physically demanding than Coach Gaines' treatment, and when Shue started testing Monroe in the exhibitions this year, he promptly put on 12 pounds and is now over 200. His uniform pants tend to catch now and bunch. The added bulk around the middle embarrasses Monroe, for he is, above all, possessor of great court awareness.

He will occasionally sneak a quick, but deadpan, look over to the press—the critics—after a particularly good pass to see how well the play registered. When he was playing a day-night tournament in Chicago in his senior year his old Philadelphia friend Guy Rodgers visited Monroe after the afternoon game and informed him that the pro scouts watching had been impressed with his shooting—he had made about 55 points—but still had some doubts about his passing ability. Monroe nodded.

"Well," says Chicago Bull Scout Jerry Krause, who was then with the Bullets, "after his 15th or 20th assist that night he kind of cocked his head and looked up to where we were sitting—just sort of asking if that was enough. He also went for 45 or 50 points."

Monroe was a starter from the first as a rookie last season but, despite occasional brilliant patches, he did not assume leadership of the Bullets early in the season. Shue found Monroe's defense lacking, and since he had three good veteran guards—Kevin Loughery, the only one still with the team, Don Ohl and Johnny Egan—he would pull Monroe quickly when his guarding was off.

He was bringing Monroe along. "I wouldn't give a damn if he played defense or not," Coach Gaines had told Coach Shue at the beginning of the sea-



Faked out: Lakers' Hawkins and Counts form a pretty arch for Monroe's shot from underneath

son. "Let him concentrate on what he has been doing—he can't do everything for 40 minutes—and he'll make you a pretty good coach. He made me a darned good coach."

Monroe was feeling his own way, too, afraid, as a rookie, to offend his older teammates by exerting his dominance. "That's funny," says Scott. "We were just waiting for Earl to take over."

"It happened one night," says one astute Bullet observer. "It wasn't any gradual thing. It was a game against the Knicks in January. At one stretch, for about 10 minutes in a row, Loughery brought the ball down, took it in himself or went the other way from Monroe with it. The first time Earl got the

ball after that it was all over. He moved the ball. He directed traffic. He was in charge."

The Bullets, a distant last-place team, went on to just miss the playoffs, and Monroe, who didn't even make the mid-season All-Star Game, jumped from 21st to fourth, and was the second highest scoring rookie guard. Despite his knees and the fact that he was used sparingly in the early games, he appeared in every one and ended up 10th in the league in time played. He was 15th in assists.

Only his defense failed to improve significantly. It is not that he cannot play it, but, rather, that he loses concentration and can become lackadaisical. He giggles derisively at himself when the sub-

ject is brought up. Shue does not. Having done a complete flip, he now is almost doctrinaire in backing Monroe's defensive credentials whenever anyone challenges them.

On offense, Monroe must be guarded with the kind of defense that reminds most Baltimoreans of their favorite spring sport, lacrosse. The point is, a defender cannot let Monroe get too close to him. Monroe controls the ball so well that close guarding is not going to bring enough steals to make what happens next profitable. He employs the close defender as a fulcrum, whips around him and scores.

So opponents keep their hands on Monroe—which is extra-legally tolerated in the NBA—and put just the amount of pressure on him that will not draw a foul but will prevent Monroe from snuggling up and then whipping around them. Lacrosse defensemen play it the same way with attackmen, although they have long sticks to do the job, and poking is not against the rules, either.

The nuances of guarding Monroe are all a bit academic anyway. "I don't believe I can be stopped," he told George Kissed of *The Philadelphia Bulletin* on one occasion. "The thing is, I don't know what I'm going to do with the ball, and if I don't know, I'm quite sure the guy guarding me doesn't know, either."

Monroe and several of his teammates still retreat too often into their old one-on-one ways at both ends of the court to play a good all-round game. Skeptics are convinced, too, that the Bullets have too many good players up front. Consequently, they do not get to play enough, and with Monroe controlling the ball on the outside they do not get their hands on it often enough, either. The problem exists and could become serious in time, but it is significant that Gus Johnson, a prideful individual who was the team's best and most exciting player before Monroe arrived, has grown in stature in the eyes of his teammates for the way he has accommodated his own considerable talents to work best with Monroe's leadership.

"All I know is we started winning when I started shooting," Monroe says, not with braggadocio but in the straightforward manner in which he says these things. He flinched again with the pain in his knee. If the Doctor can just stay well enough himself, he should be able to keep the whole team healthy. **END**

# BEARDS ARE COOLED BUT THE BEARS ARE HOT

*Berkeley protesters got firm treatment last week, but it was nothing compared to what Cal did to Syracuse* **by ALFRED WRIGHT**

The action in Berkeley was almost more than a body could stand. The 28,000 students at this cultural heart-beat of the statewide University of California are, above all, sophisticates, cosmopolites, philosophers and realists. In a more recent word, cool. But they could be forgiven if they staggered around their campus on Sunday morning glassy-eyed. The world as they knew it had undergone a seismic upheaval, and the very foundations of their social structure seemed to be in dire jeopardy. The Berkeley beards were on a losing streak, and the football team was on a winning one.

Talking things in sequence, there was first the Battle of Moses Hall in mid-week. A couple of hundred of the beards, their adrenaline racing, had decided it was high time to close down the University in behalf of Black Panther Author Eldridge Cleaver, who they felt should be given equal faculty status with all those Nobel prizewinners. After a few preliminary skirmishes, the battle escalated into a glorious night of shooting and tissue throwing as the beards barricaded themselves in Moses Hall. Came the dawn and the campus was strangely mute. Gone were the TV crews from CBS and NBC. Moses Hall stood gaunt and empty as gardeners swept up the refuse. Those who had come to Berkeley to get a degree were silently gliding along the paths to their classes. Off in the cooler somewhere were the 75 survivors of the beards' last stand. The university still existed.

Saturday's conflict was yet to come, however, and the result was a good deal more predictable, even though the nation would never get to see it on prime-time Huntley-Brinkley. Ben Schwartzwalder was bringing his big, tough, 10th-

ranked Syracuse football team into town to chew up the Golden Bears. Now no one would suggest that football at Berkeley carries anywhere near the same national prestige as protest. So if the beards took such a one-sided pasting at the hands of just a few hundred cops on Wednesday night, what conceivable chance would the Bears have against Syracuse on Saturday?

There was another thing to be considered. Cal's athletic program was only just beginning to recover from last winter's revolt by black athletes, an insurrection that got most of its momentum from the basketball team and that led to the resignations of Basketball Coach Rene Herreras and Athletic Director Pete Newell, who generously accepted

the role of scapegoat. The repercussions were felt at every corner of Harmon Gym, from handball to football—definitely football—so not even the most euphoric old grad dared hope that Coach Ray Wilkey could salvage a respectable season out of the turmoil.

Wilkey is a reasonable man, and those deep frown-wrinkles he picked up with a 16-24 record during his first four years as Cal's head coach are not for nothing. He knows the hazards of trying to run something as square as a football program on a campus where dissent is the most common noun in the vocabulary. As early as spring practice Wilkey set out to clear the racial atmosphere. Negro players were encouraged to unload their grievances in group sessions and individually with the coaches. John Kirby, a Negro who had been a varsity guard in the early '60s and who had just returned from Vietnam with part of his right leg gone, was hired as an assistant coach.

Wilkey had another thing going for him. After four years of strenuous recruiting, his players and coaches were beginning to think they were on the way up. When the squad arrived in late August, there was something about the feeling in practice that softened the furrows in Wilkey's face. "I don't like to speak for my brothers," Kirby Augustine, a superb defensive end, said of the gen-



*In a ploy typical of the day a crushing tackle by Cal's Augustine jolted Syracuse's*



eral mood before last week's Syracuse game, "but I think we're a real unit now, all pulling for each other and for the team. I think we've worked out those other things that bothered us. For one thing we have pride."

Even so, there was something disheartening in the prospect of taking on Syracuse right in the middle of a conference schedule that could—oh, not really, but just possibly if one could luck past USC and O. J. Simpson—wind up in the Rose Bowl. The source of these guarded bowl hopes was the previous week's 39-15 stunner over UCLA. The opening victories over Michigan and Colorado had been nice, but then Army had let a lot of air out of the bubble with a last-minute bomb that beat Cal 10-7 at West Point. Still, when you beat a Tommy Prothro team, any Tommy Prothro team, 39-15, you have to begin thinking you are pretty good. And you don't want a game with Syracuse that means nothing to your conference season to wreck the beautiful dream.

"I'm apprehensive," Willsey confessed a couple of days before Syracuse departed and shook the quake measurers in the geology lab as it warmed up on Strawberry Hill. "If they whomp us, it could have a serious psychological effect. They're much bigger and stronger than we are. We certainly can't run at them. I guess we'll have to throw the

ball to take the game away from their strength." The furrows were back on Willsey's face as he thought about it.

Saturday arrived and so did some 50,000 people who had not climbed all the way up the hill to Memorial Stadium just to watch Band Day. Perhaps with the beads in stir, the football team was the last thing left to cheer for. Or maybe Irby Augustine's wish was coming true. "I know protest is the bag for a lot of guys," he had said, "but I just wish that on Saturday they'd come out and support us." In the 80° sunshine, Memorial Stadium crowded with people looked good. The bands were playing and cheerleaders were leaping and lots of voices were blasting out "All hail, blue and gold." But Syracuse looked good, too. And big, very big, in its white jerseys and orange pants.

It was funny football, though. Syracuse returned the kickoff, passed for a first down and then fumbled the ball to Cal at midfield. Cal made a first down, then marched backward, fumbling to Syracuse on its own 42. Syracuse then completed a pass to Cal's Jerry Woods, who ran it back 25 yards. The ball had changed hands three times in the first three series. Cal finally got the hang of the game and moved 38 yards in six plays for a touchdown, with Quarterback Randy Humphries—who is 6' 3" and 203 pounds and likes to run—covering the last 10 yards on a keeper over left guard, while most of the Syracuse team sat on the ground watching developments in amazement.

After Syracuse got the next kickoff, it fumbled the ball to Cal on its own 28. This time it took the Bears seven plays to score, with Fullback John McGaffie diving over from the one. Only 10 minutes had gone by and already the score was 14-0.

Following a couple of punts, Syracuse fumbled the ball to Cal again, this time when Irby Augustine hit Wingback John Bulez with one of those tackles you can hear on the other side of the Bay. A few plays later Ron Miller kicked a 50—repeat 50—yard field goal and it was 17-0 and still the first quarter had not ended.

About now the Cal linemen began to notice something odd. As one of them put it, "The starch went out of Syracuse. I don't know what it was exactly, but they weren't hitting the way they had been. I mean last year you could

feel it right in the bottom of your feet when they hit you. By the end of the first quarter they were like a different team. They were complaining about the heat and the smog and how hard the field was and things like that. I can't figure it. That's not Syracuse."

It certainly isn't. Ben Schwartzwalder said afterward that as all his 19 years at Syracuse he could never remember one of his teams making so many mistakes on offense. A seven-yard punt resulted in another Cal score, and just before the half, Al Newton, the Syracuse fullback who is supposed to follow in the footsteps of Jimmy Brown, Floyd Little and Larry Csonka, was actually tackled at the line of scrimmage by his own center. In the third quarter, after finally managing to make its first first down by rushing, Syracuse was so stunned it was penalized five yards for delaying the game. In all, Syracuse lost three fumbles and had six passes intercepted, the last resulting in a 45-yard touchdown run by Cornerback Bernie Keeles to put the score at 43-0.

Here, at last, Syracuse got its first break. While Keeles was in midflight the final gun sounded and a swarm of small fry flooded the playing field. There was no use trying to restore order, so history will never know whether the score might have been 44-0, or even 45-0 if Cal had recklessly decided to gamble for two points. At any rate, it was the worst beating a Syracuse team had taken in 15 years. Above the stadium on Tightwad Hill the bare-skinned hippies who were sunning themselves and gazing dreamily at the distant scene below must have thought someone had spiked their pot.

Of course, it is a long way from Pasadena to Pasadena. In between there is Washington next week in Seattle and then the awful confrontation with O. J. in Los Angeles, to say nothing of the Big Game with Stanford, always a meeting as unpredictable as a coed's promise. But should Cal's Bears emerge unscathed, there is no telling what might happen to the Berkeley image. Ronnie Reagan—Superguy, as they like to call him around Berkeley—might even get off Cal's back and stop trying to remake the place in the image of Western Illinois State Normal or Eureka or wherever it was that they molded him in the great intellectual traditions of statehouse politics.

END



Paul Pasolunghi as he tries to pass.

## THE STUFF OF DREAMS

PRINTED BY COLORED STONE

**T**he professional golfers were always practicing—dark, hunched shadows on the putting green when the sun was down, and sometimes, passing a motel door late at night, from the other side you could hear the click of a ball running up against a table leg. Often when they did not have a club in their hands they seemed to have a pulled, tormented mien that made one suspect they were playing endless practice shots in—as one golf writer graphically described it—the “domed driving rargies of their skulls.”

Late one afternoon in the grill room of the Del Monte Lodge the name of Carl Lohren came up—a professional occasionally appearing on the tour who is famous for his practicing. He took every opportunity, apparently, even skipping out of his car to practice his swing when pulled up at a red light. “Why, there was this one time,” one of the pros said, leaning forward to let his story rise above the hum of conversation all about, “when Lohren stepped out of the car at a railroad crossing in some hick town. His driving partner never heard him get out because of the noise of a freight going by—thought he was lying in the back seat asleep—and he went on without Lohren . . . just driving straight on for the Jacksonville Open, whatever it was . . .”

“What about . . . ah . . . ?” I asked.

“Lohren? Well, he was left in the dust, looking off at the back of his car disappearing down the road, and then the noise of the train dying away, and it got awful quiet and there he was in this little town with his golf club—and that was all he had, not a dime, just a couple of tees in his pocket and a golf club.”

“What did he do?”

“Well, he survived. I don’t know the exact details. I suppose he went into a diner, y’know, and explained it to them.”

“Well, what do you think he could have said? Was he wearing golf shoes and a golf hat?” I asked illogically.

“I suppose he showed them the golf club and said, ‘My car drove away’”—he suddenly sounded peeved. “Why should I know *that*. I didn’t ask anybody. Everybody

*continued*



*Golf, because it is the loneliest of games, is conducive to reflection and imaginings. Usually the subject is oneself—perhaps sinking 60-foot putts under heroic*

*circumstances—but on occasion the mind may wander far, triggered by one small fact into a fantasy that can lead even to the rough of hillbilly country, where. . .*

**BY GEORGE PLIMPTON**



wants to know the damndest things. I wasn't there, after all."

"No, no," I said. "It's just a fine little scene—a golfer with his club just dropped down there in the middle of nowhere, maybe some red-dirt town in Louisiana hundreds of miles from the nearest golf course, and the hillbillies in the diner looking up when he comes in . . . it's just such a fine scene for speculation."

"Yes," he said. He thought for a moment, and then he said again: "Well, he survived. I mean he got out of there."

The drinks arrived.

I had a dream that evening about Lohren. I had gone back to my room at the lodge and had thought I'd try some putting on the carpet, but I flopped down on the bed instead, and soon I found myself, half-asleep, worrying over Lohren at the railroad crossing. The dream was very detailed and very vivid.

Lohren was wearing a baby-blue turtleneck sweater, blue golfing slacks and sky-blue golfing shoes with big flaps down over the laces. He was getting his feet acclimated to the shoes, which were new and needed breaking in. He wore a blue golfing glove which he removed and put in his pocket when the car disappeared down the road. His golfing hat, also blue, had an emblem on the front, with crossed golf clubs and a red tee and letters identifying the country club around its border. It was a very long Indian name which I could not quite make out—the Chippequa National Links, something on that order. The hat was very jaunty. His golf club was a Spalding Executive driver, which he lifted and gestured with as the dust cloud settled in the distance behind his car.

When the tram had gone, and nothing was left of it but the faint moan of its whistle through the pine trees, the noise of the frogs started up from the railroad ditches. The golfer looked around. He took a despairing swing with his Spalding Executive. It kicked up a fine puff of white dust which settled back on his blue golfing shoes. How many miles, he wondered, before his driving partner would look back over his shoulder and see that he was missing from the back seat? Perhaps not until the car pulled into the outskirts of Jacksonville. His partner was a very inconic sort of fel-

low, slow-thinking, and the pros called him Sleep, because that seemed his condition as he stood over his putts. He loved to drive cars on those long stretches between the stops on the tour, perfectly content to bunch over the steering wheel with little murmurations escaping his lips—snatches of songs, brief dialogues, jokes, small ho-hums of laughter, like the gentle indistinct sounds of occupancy drifting from the house next door. He was alive with inner voices.

The golfer had overheard these dialogues on the fairways—so soft that he was never sure that he had them straight, hardly sure that anything had been said at all. But he would see Sleep's lips moving, a thin little conversation going on, and he could catch just suggestions of it: "My, look at that lie, just perched up there." "Yes, yes excellent." "Tum-te-tum-te-tum." "I think it'll be a five-iron from here." "No, no, Priscilla—it's a six, a six-iron would be nifty."

"Priscilla!" the golfer thought. "What a great break—that guy at the wheel."

He turned and started back up the road toward a filling station with a clapboard lean-to structure alongside that had a sign above it reading EATS. It stood out from the pine forests, a lonely place, white in the sun, as quiet as a vulture's perch. He walked toward it rather halfheartedly, not expecting to find anyone about. He stepped up on a small porch that creaked alarmingly underfoot and pushed open the screen door to go inside. It was darker within, like walking under the lip of an overhanging rock, and there was a sudden strong country smell of ripe apples. The wood on the floor was old and soft, and he felt his golf cleats sink in. A woman wearing a straw hat stood behind a scared counter next to a tall old-fashioned cash register. Her eyes widened.

"Claude!" she called.

There was an abrupt movement off to his right, a chair leg slamming down, and he perceived in the gloom three men sitting around a table, all of whom had apparently been asleep.

It took some time for everyone to adjust their senses: the three of them had been sleeping with their legs on the table, their chairs tilted back, and to get themselves seated properly and attentive required a certain amount of shifting and settling. One of them, the one called

Claude apparently, wore a tall hillbilly hat.

"What in tarnation!" he said finally.

The golfer took a clumsy step forward, the pleasant smile on his face frozen as his spikes popped noisily out of the wood. "Ahem," he said. He lifted his golf club. "I'm a golfer," he announced, shaking the club and trying to speak as matter-of-factly as he could. "Just got left behind there at the railroad crossing. Fellow with me just drove off. Stepped out, you see, to practice my swing. . . ."

"Not so fast," said the man sitting next to Claude. He had come half out of his chair to look at the golfer.

"Don't quite know what to do," the golfer was going on. "Haven't got a dime, but maybe I could put in a telephone call collect to someone . . . if I could borrow. . . ."

"What crossing you talking about?"

"The crossing? Well, the railroad crossing just up the street."

The man looked at his watch. "Hopped off the 5:15 freight—that your story?" He looked keenly at the other two.

"No," the golfer said. "I came by car. The car drove off by mistake. We're on our way—or we were on our way—to the Jacksonville Open."

The third man at the table made a quick gesture to quiet the other two. He was older, with a sun-creased face. Black suspenders crossed at his chest, and he had taken longer to awaken than the others; he now had the sly questing look of a turtle about to go to feed. "Martha," he said to the woman in the straw hat, "go out back and fetch Mark Tanner." When she had gone, scuttling quickly behind the counter through a screen door that slammed loudly in the gloom, the older man reached into his coveralls and set a large pistol on the table.

"Now, stranger," He cleared his throat. "What you got them shoes painted blue for? And what about them spikes? And what does that writin' on your hat say?"

"I'm a golfer, I'm the home pro at the Chippequa National Links. That's what it says on the hat," the golfer said. "This is a driver, a club," he said, brandishing it.

"We kin see that," the older man said. He stretched a hand out casually for the pistol.

# We put a new gadget on our gadget.

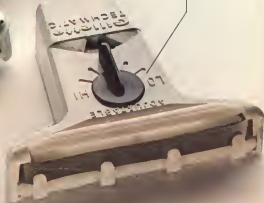


**Old gadget.** Our original gadget was the Razor Band: weeks of shaving coiled up on a continuous strip of stainless steel.

**Old gadget.** Then we sealed the whole thing into a cartridge gadget so that nothing sharp could touch your hands.

**Old gadget.** Our third old gadget was the lever. One turn and you could change edges, even in the middle of a shave.

**New gadget.** Having put all those gadgets together we thought we had the perfect razor—for average beards. But then we started to worry about all those *un-average* beards. So we've finally managed to squeeze one more gadget into the cartridge. A dial you can adjust for all kinds of beards. If you already own a Techmatic, you may be surprised at how close the new adjustable cartridge can shave. It even surprised us.



## The new adjustable Gillette Techmatic Razor

## The new 1969 Plymouth Sport Suburban



Sport Suburban Wagon

*Plymouth*



CHRYSLER  
PENTACORE CORPORATION

# If the looks don't get you, the engineering will.

It'll take you about 28 steps to walk completely around our new Sport Suburban Wagon. 28 steps of rounded side contours, curved glass and sloping rear lines.

In another minute you can scrunch around a little in the comfort of the driver's seat, get the jet cockpit effect from the Safe/Flight instrumentation, and give the interior a once-over.

About one minute and 28 steps after you first see the '89 Sport Suburban, we

think its looks will get you.

If they don't, we send in our engineers. They gave it the two-way tail gate. One handle opens it down for business. Or, turned

the other way, opens it out for people.

They made Sport Suburban 3 inches wider. Which is a lot wider when three people sit up front. Or when you lay 4' x 8' sheets of plywood flat in the back.

They put a 318 cu. in. V-8 in it. With two 383's and a 440 as options.

They gave it a longer 122" wheelbase.

They suspended it with torsion bars and leaf springs so it'll corner, handle, and ride like a sedan when it's loaded.

The driver's windshield wiper cleans 4 inches more to the left than it ever did. In fact, overall forward visibility is 20 per cent wider.



On top you'll find something designers have been trying to invent for years. An Air Vane that deflects wind down and over the back window. This one really keeps it clean. In all kinds of weather. On all kinds of roads.

Come look what we've done with our '89 Sport Suburban Wagon.

In looks. In engineering. Any two ways you look at it, it's better.



## Look what Plymouth's up to now.

# Smirnoff



**Smirnoff keeps the Bloody Mary on course.** Skirmish all you want to over the lemons and the Worcestershire Sauce. Fight the tomato juice versus V-8® Juice battle. But the Smirnoff has to be real Smirnoff for a red-blooded Bloody Mary. Because nothing puts the swash in your buckle like Smirnoff.

*Smirnoff Vodka leaves you breathless.*





The golfer brought the club down. "All I'm looking for is a phone," he went on, "and to borrow a dime for a collect call."

The older man raised his hand. "You reckon to bat a ball with that stick—that's the purpose, *kerreeet?*"

"Yes, that's right. You hit the ball with this . . . ah . . . stick."

"You bring a ball along with you? Mebbe you can show us the ball?"

"Well, no," the golfer said.

The three stared at him. The one with the suspenders said slowly: "What was you fixin' to do with that 'ere club, if you please, if not to hit a ball with it?"

"I stepped out to practice my swing," the golfer said, restlessly.

"Any reason 't all why you pick Mullins, Louisiana?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Mullins, Louisiana to do this *pru-uncing?*" The hillbilly leaned on the last word with sarcastic emphasis. "This 'ere town is Mullins—Mullins, Louisiana."

The golfer shrugged hopelessly. The three conferred briefly behind cupped hands. "The name Mark Tanner mean nothing to you?" Claude asked.

"Mark Tanner?"

The one with the black suspenders leaned across the table, his hand on the pistol, and asked: "Dan Reilly? That name don't mean nothing to you neither. Dan Reilly?"

The golfer shook his head.

"Well, I'll tell you somethin' very frank, mister. We're of the notion you come into town, into Mullins, to kill Mark Tanner."

"Mark Tanner? Kill Mark Tanner?"

"We're of the notion that Dan Reilly brought you in from outside From Memphis, mo' like."

"Memphis!" the golfer said. "Can't you read?" he said, pointing at his golf hat. "I'm from the Chippewa National Links. That's not far from Fairfield, Connecticut!"

The older man ignored him. He knit his brows and continued: "Everybody in town knows that Dan Reilly is fixin' to kill Mark Tanner 'cause of the trouble up there at the still. Now you tell the folks heah in Mullins that Mark Tanner been kilt with a golf stick and they say about sech a thing that it was an outside job. Nobody connect sech a thing with Dan Reilly, 'cause he don't play golf. That man's so clever it makes an hon-

est man sick. What better idee than to get some low-slung animal who swings a golf stick so ain't nobody suspect him saboying 'round Mullins pretending to be practicin' but in fact waitin' for the chance to get Mark Tanner!"

"Listen," the golfer said, "I don't know Dan Reilly, and if I had orders to hit Mark Tanner with a golf club, well, I wouldn't know who to hit. It's jes' . . . just . . . crazy!"

The screen door slammed in the back. The woman appeared behind the counter. The straw hat wobbled alarmingly over her pinched face. "Claude!" she shouted. "He's *daid*, *daid*, *daid*—up in the nawth forty!"

The three men stood, rising as slowly as smoke. They stared at the golfer.

"Claude!"

"Shut yo' mouth, woman," Claude said. "How'd they git him?"

"He done been beat to daith," she said.

"You're fur it, stranger," said Claude. He checked the charge in his pistol. "You like to recollect any last words afore you go to yo' ree-ward?"

"You're just absolutely crazy," said the golfer backing up slightly. "I mean, use your hands. You wouldn't beat someone to death—death—with a driver. I don't think you could kill a man with a driver—it's wood, very light wood, a type of maple or something, and this one, why this one's only a D-2. I think you'd have to use a wedge, or a mallet putter. I'd as soon swing a golf bag at a man. . . ." He was speaking more quickly now, the words rushing out of him. "A wood's too whippy for such a thing, too much length in the swing of it for accuracy—that is, against a moving target—too tough, absolutely. If I were going to knock off Mark Tanner you'd find me stepping around town with a wedge or a sandblaster. . . . Besides, this is a Spalding Executive with a relatively small head. I mean if I had to use a driver, I'd use an Arnold Palmer model with a big head . . . at the very least."

"The guy's loco in the bargain," Claude was saying. "Listen to all that insane caterwauling. He's well out of his misery." He raised the pistol and fired. The golfer sagged flat-out on the floor, and going down he sensed the bullet flashing over his shoulder with the rush and force of an artillery shell.

"Holy mackerell!"

A gust of acrid smoke boiled across the room. Behind him the wall seemed to explode. A shelf collapsed and its contents rolled out around him. A can of Pappy's Peach Preserves spun easily just off his nose.

"You wung him," somebody was shouting.

"Claude!" It was the woman in the sunbonnet shouting. "Lookit, Claude, you're not doing the right thing. It's Dan Reilly dad up there in the nawth forty. Mark Tanner's healthy as a mule."

There was a moment or so of silence. The smoke cloud began to thin out.

"Well, that's the bestest news," said the man in the suspenders. The three of them stepped out from behind the table. The golfer began to pick himself up. The three surrounded him, pulling him upright and cuffing him happily. They barked at him.

"You really done fool us."

"Who'd a thought?"

"Why didn't y'all tell us?"

"You done in a varmint in that Dan Reilly."

They lifted his club and admired it.

"To catch a man jes' right with a stick likes this!"

"Boy, they teach a man things in Memphis!"

The woman in the sunbonnet kept clearing her throat, trying to say something more. "Claude!" she finally said. "Them Reilly brothers—Hugh, Eugene, Hoss, Timothy and the one that ain't got no name—they all riled up and fixin' on gettin' the killer." She lifted a gnarled hand. "Y'all better clear the stranger out o' heah afore the Reillys git to him."

The three quailed down.

The golfer nodded his head. "Yes," he said. He was thinking about the Reilly who didn't have a name.

One of the hillbills took out a watch and inspected it. "The local's gon' through," he said. "Mebbe we can flag her down."

They hurried down the dusty street toward the railroad crossing. They could hear the whistle, thin and sifting through the pine woods, and they reached the crossing in time for Claude to pull a tattered flag from a turpentine bucket by the track and wave it for the engineer to see. The train pulled up. It had a mail car and one coach.

*continued*

"Yo'all come on back when you have half a chance!" they were shouting at him. "Come on back real soon. Mullins thinks a peck of you!"

The golfer hurried on up into the car without a word, and the train began to slip ahead almost immediately. The hill-billy hats were moving along beneath the windows as the three men trotted to keep up to wave goodbye and call, "Come on back to Mullins, you heah? Welcome anytime!"

As he went down the aisle his golf cleats made a sharp sucking sound in the corridor matting. The car was almost empty and he eased himself into the nearest seat. He set his golf club down next to him. The window was open, and he took big draughts of the thick summer air blowing in. "Mullins," he said to himself. The pine woods were moving by very slowly.

He felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked up. The conductor was cymg him, taking in the baby-blue outfit and the shoes with the blue flaps over the laces. "Ticket, please."

He reached for his wallet instinctively, knowing it wouldn't be there, and feeling instead his golf glove, the fingers sticking out, empty and spooky against his touch.

"Ticket. Ticket, please."

The golfer groaned. He was watching the pine woods go by, very slowly,

as if the train's engineer was finding it difficult to resist the attractions of Mullins.

He looked up at the conductor.

"I'm a little confused," he said, trying to stall for time. "Where does this train go?"

The conductor clicked his ticket clipper impatiently, but he announced "Pitcairn, Caroline, Jehovah's Junction, The Gulch, Beulah, Plum Flats, Junction City, Logan, Bailey, Edwin, Shraake, Lobolly, Mullins, Pitcairn."

"But aren't we just pulling out of Mullins? What was that place back there if not Mullins?"

The conductor clicked his ticket punch again. "Course that was Mullins. You must be a stranger in these parts." He peered closely at the golfer. "What sort of duds you got on there? Ain't seen so much blue on a man since the day they drug in Abe Parsons that time he froze to dath up on Catclaw Mountain." He chuckled sharply. "Stranger, they ain't many folk in these parts who travel on this railroad line without knowing it goes in a circle. If it's Mullins you're fixin' to go to, I'd be inclined to step off and walk back. Otherwise, that'll be \$28 and we'll be getting back into Mullins along about 11:30 tonight."

The golfer groaned again. "I'm trying to get to Jacksonville—for the Jacksonville Open."

The conductor looked up at the ceiling. "Well," he said, "they got a trunk line that moves out of Beulah out along the ridge through Persimmon, Courtney, Howard, Cushing, Moore's Bottom and Long Fork. But I reckon that's not quite what you're lookin' for."

"No, that's not so good for me," said the golfer.

"Course we got buses runnin' in an' out of Junction City goin' just about everywhere. Up to Nash's Falls, places like that."

"What goes on in that town. The Gulch?"

"Well, they got the county fair comin' on into The Gulch sometime or other next week."

"Nash's Falls," said the golfer thoughtfully. "Well, how much is a ticket to Junction City?"

"That's \$14," said the conductor.

The golfer looked mournfully down between the toes of his Pro-Shus. "Lin-

ten," he said. "I've had this odd time. Got left behind by my driving partner in Mullins back there. My mistake . . . without a penny. Left my wallet in the car. I just got to get to Junction City and get a bus out of there. Anything goin' southeast, if that's in the direction of Jacksonville, I'll take."

"Junction City is \$14," the conductor said stubbornly.

"What about barter," said the golfer after a pause. "This club is a Spalding Executive, worth a good \$20. It's scarcely been swung—spanking new!"

The conductor bent over and inspected the club.

"Barter? For a stick like this? Maybe three chickens and a duck might get you to Junction City. But for a piece of stick like this here, why that wouldn't fetch you more than a couple hundred yards down this railroad line. You got anything else. Seegars maybe? A time-piece?"

"How about these Pro-Shu shoes," the golfer said. "These flaps are fancy and they are the new look on the golf courses today . . . that's just about a direct quote from *Golf* magazine."

The conductor shook his head. "Mos' folks aroun' these parts have one pair of boots for plowing, and another set for going to Nash's Falls, places like that. Anybody seen sashayin' aroun' in blue shoes like yourn, well, he'd be in line for trouble. You're not wearing a watch?"

"No," said the golfer.

He saw the conductor reach up and pull an emergency cord that ran the length of the roof.

"I'm right sorry, stranger," said the conductor. "I hope you got no hard feelings about this."

The train pulled up. The golfer could hear the panting of the engine as he stepped down from the coach to the cinders of the railroad track. The engineer was looking back. They were perfectly polite about it. The engineer made a sort of gesture that seemed a friendly wave. The conductor had a suggestion as the train started up. "This railroad runnin' in a circle, we'll be coming back 'round here about 11:30 p.m. tonight, which gives you plenty of time to mosey 'round and pick off some livestock. Now a sheep would get you jes' 'bout anywhere on this railroad line you'd be fixin' to go. The Fitzhughs got a



flock to other side of Mullins.

The golfer trotted along with the train, listening politely if idly, and then he pulled up, panting, and the conductor's words were carried off swiftly as the train clicked down the straight track and slowly drew into the distance.

It took him an hour of walking to get back into Mullins. There was no sign of activity. He stood in the trees near the railroad crossing where Sleep had left him, waiting a half hour or so to see if anything would come by—a bus, or even a horse cart—but the crossing lay breathless under the heat, and he listened dully to the frogs creaking in the railroad ditches and the dry whirr of the insects back in the pines. Finally he decided to come out in the open, everything being perfectly still. There was really nothing else he could do, and he started up the road for the EATS establishment where he had last left the Mark Tanner hillbillies.

He walked slowly because of the heat. When he got to the rickety porch he stepped up quietly. From inside came a low murmur of voices. He pushed open the screen door. They can help me, he kept telling himself, they can flag down a car for me, if one should pass by, or lend me a mule, or at least get me pointed in the right direction so I can hike out of here.

At his entrance four heads looked up at the corner table from under their tall hats. Complete strangers. My God! he thought, the Reilly brothers, kinfolk to the Reilly he was supposed to have killed up in the north forty! And here they are waiting for him. . . . Hugh, Eugene and one who doesn't even have a name!

He smiled. "Howdy, folks!"

All of them stood abruptly and, with grotesque efforts like puppets pulled up by string suspenders, they hauled out long pistols which they leveled at him.

"Whar you from, boy?"

"I come from Fairfield, Connecticut."

The four hillbillies stared and looked at each other. "There's a mighty big rumor 'round these parts," one of them said, "that you're in from Memphis with that club of yours and that you did in our brother Dan Reilly up in the nawth fawty."

"That's crazy," the golfer protested.

"The Mark Tanner folk, why they is hee-hawing an' carryin' on an talkin' 'bout this professional killer all duded

*continued*

# Phone charts



Over an ordinary phone, the one on your desk. And a Xerox Telecopier. Read on . . .

# style?



The smartest!—as in our broad toe, hi-rise, slip-on oxford, Style 968. But the big sensation from a Wright Arch Preserver® shoe is comfort. From the four exclusive features which help support your arch, help reduce fatigue, help relax the foot, and hold the shape of the shoe for keeps. Style . . . comfort. Wear Wright for one, and you also get the other!



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## THE STUFF OF DREAMS

CORRIE BAY

up in blue, hired from Memphis to perpetuate this foul deed 'gin our brother Dan."

"Someone's made a perfectly natural mistake. I am a professional," the golfer said. "But a professional golfer, not a killer. I mean, I'm not even a killer in my own profession." He laughed hollowly. "I choke. I get these bug applies. I'm a rabbit. You want a killer, fetch in someone like Hogan or Snead. I finished 10th in the Cajun Classic. Best I ever did. Absolutely the best. They call me Four Putts."

"Look at them 'ere duds he's wearin'," one of the hillbillies was wailing in a high voice. "He's sure 'nuff blue." He looked at the golfer in awe.

"That's enuff for us Reillys," the leader of the group said. "Stranger, you're a loco, low-slung animal, and you ain't deservin' to draw another brief of good Mullins air."

He leveled his pistol carefully and pulled the trigger. The concussion nearly popped the golfer's ears. A wall of white smoke rolled toward him. The wall behind seemed to buck and a fine spray of peach scent enveloped him.

Went right over my shoulder and plugged a can of Pappy's Peach Preserves, the golfer noted as he sagged to the floor once again. He thought, Lord, I'm in for it. The smoke will clear and they'll get in a couple of more shots from those cannon.

He heard a voice bellowing through the smoke.

"Hold on thar. It's me—Hoss Reilly." A heavyset man stood in the door. "What's gwan on 'round heah?"

"We want the varmint, Hoss," one of the hillbillies was shouting. "Two or three mo' shots and we gonna have brother Dan Reilly what was beaten down up in the ninth fawty six nice and avenged."

"Dan's done been avenged," Hoss said. "Mark Tanner's lyn' up thar 'n Bull Creek pasture daider than a skinned mole. This kid from Memphis done his job right smart." He looked admiringly at the golfer who was picking himself off the floor.

"He done it?"

"Don't that beat off?"

"Bull Creek? Oh my, I wish't I'd been there to see it done."

"He been beat up jes' grand," said Hoss Reilly. "I seen it myself." He

looked admiringly at the Spalding Executive

They had moved up and clustered around, dusting the golfer off and slapping him on the back. The golfer dodged them. "You mind telling me something?" he asked. "What about those folk that were in here before—the Tanner people, Claude, the woman in the sunbonnet? What about that man in the black suspenders?"

"You're talkin' 'bout Mark Tanner's kinfolk," Hoss Reilly said. "Well, I reckon they're fetchin' up some more kinfolk and mebber in a few days we'll be havin' a hot time in Mullins. Regular ol' shoot-out. 'Course, it's you they'll be gunnin' fur. After all, you was the one who popped Mark Tanner and got our kin Dan Reilly all nice and avenged. Mebbe you'd be doin' the healthy thing to clear out of Mullins."

The golfer murmured uneasily. His mind lingered briefly on his difficulties with the conductor of the local train. He gripped his golf club. "I got to have me some money," he said sharply.

The hillbilies looked at him.  
"Well, how about my fee?" the golfer asked. "You ain't reckonin'," the golfer said in a voice thick with a variety of tough accents, "that I come down from Memphis and knock off Dan Reilly. I mean I say Mark Tanner

without charging for my services. Why, I usually charge 10 Gs for putting the slug on a man. You got to pay for someone who's so highly skilled. In Memphis we're taught by the very best people. It's a great art to mash a man to death with a wood golf club—to foolzie a guy we call it—it's right up there with learnin' how to use an ice pick properly, and building cement shoes for a guy you want to drop in a river, a very technical skill. Particularly using a Spalding [he brandished the golf club] with its small head. And no aluminum shaft, mind you, like everyone's going to these days, but the steel shaft—not your old hickory which is what they did the bludgening with in the '20s, but steel, your good 100"; steel I put this shaft in myself. That's what you call craft! And mind you," he went on without drawing a breath, listening to the rush of his words with surprise, "take a look at these expensive shoes with the spikes for gettin' a good footin' [he held a Pro-Shu-clad foot aloft] to creep up on your

continued

# Phone drawings



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### THE STUFF OF DREAMS

—Continued—

man in case he's chopping wood or something on the side of a hill. And look at the blue glove I've got here [he pulled it dramatically from his back pocket] just in case the bludgeoning goes badly and you've got to step forward and *strangle* your man. "As he talked he watched the hillbilly faces opposite, discerning there through the bewilderment a faint tightening of the features. Apparently fees were not topics which came easily to them.

"Look," he said. "I'm willing to give you good folks of Mullins a break, considering that you can't be expected to pay big-city fees for having a guy cooled. The fact is, I am willing to waive the purse money and charge you just the expenses back to Memphis, or even better to Jacksonville, Florida, where I am scheduled to foolze a guy with my Spalding the day after tomorrow." He looked at them firmly. "How about \$30 on the barrel head?"

Hoss Reilly was speaking. "Well, I reckon you get owed something," he admitted. He dug into his coveralls and the golfer could hear the jingle of change. Then he noticed Reilly's brow furrow slightly and the hand came back out empty. "Hold on heah," he said. "Les' do a bit of figurin'." Now Mark Tanner warn't worth much more than \$6 on the hoof—no 'count rascal! And I ain't sure he could fetch \$3 alive, much less 'n \$5. Now the big question is what he might fetch dead. I don't reckon very much. Why I don't know any folk hereabouts who'd fork out a nickel for him dead." He shook his head. "Now mebbe in the big city, Memphis, sort of place you come from, why, dead folk get some value, but aroun' Mullins we jes' don't stock sech things. In these parts you couldn't give away a dead person, nor indeed a whole truckload of 'em."

Both parties stared at each other. "Look," the golfer said abruptly. "I'll take barter." What was it the conductor had said? He remembered something about a sheep. He heard a chicken clucking outside the back door. "I'll take a chicken," he said, his eyes staring about wildly. "And a sackful of Pappy's Peach Preserves," he said, pointing. "Otherwise," and there was a bright smile to take the edge off his threat, "why Ah'm goin' to have to lay around just a mite with my Spalding. Foolze Mullins up a bit." He had a sudden inspiration. His

continued

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## THE STUFF OF DREAMS

continued

voice became tougher. "Mebbe some of my Memphis boys—some of those enforcers up there, the Memphis Fuzzers—well, they might take a notion to journey on down here to do a bit of practicing on their skills. Some of those cement-foot boys might like to work Bull Creek. . . ."

"Go on out, boys, and catch that hen," Hoss Reilly said. "Fetch up a sack of them peach preserves." The hillbillies moved briskly through the store. Outside, the golfer heard the chicken squawk rapidly and the beating of its wings. A potato sack was produced. Into it a shelf was swept clear of cans; the hen appeared amid a storm of feathers, its wings working as it hung from a hillbilly's clutch; it was eased into the sack and offered to the golfer.

Just then a car horn sounded loudly out on the street.

Everybody jumped. The golfer's eyes widened. The horn sounded again. A familiar sound. The golfer stepped quickly to the screen door and looked out. There was his Oldsmobile, the old family car he had painted red, and there was Sleep, his driving partner, looking up at him curiously from the wheel.

He took a quick glance behind him in the store, where the hillbillies were lounging nervously in the shadows as if perhaps the horn had announced that the cement-foot boys from Memphis had pulled up and were about to appear upon the porch, darkening the door, stooped from the weight of the paraphernalia on their backs.

The golfer stepped out on the little porch.

"Well, man, *there* you are," Sleep was saying. "Been asking for you in every one-horse town since I turned back 100 miles ago."

"A hundred miles!" said the golfer. "That figures."

He slid the big sack and then himself into the front seat. "Stuck her in gear and move," he said. He stared straight ahead.

About two miles across the railroad tracks he turned and hefted the sack over the seat into the back. He kept his golf club between his knees.

"What you got in that thing back there?"

"Pappy's Peach Preserves. About 99 cans. It's handy stuff to have in this part of the country."

continued





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## THE STUFF OF DREAMS

continued

That seemed to be the extent of Sleep's interest.

"There's a chicken in the sack, too," the golfer said. "Next farmhouse you see, pull up and we'll let the bird out."

"Anything you say," said Sleep.

Lord, thought the golfer. The interest that guy takes in what goes on around him. He listened to Sleep begin to hum and the gentle dialogues start up. "So, listen, Martha, I think I'll go down and get the paper." "Why all right, that's just fine, turn-to-turn, and, hey, bring me back a pack of Old Golds."

"Hey, Sleep," he said.

"Hmmm."

"Listen, thanks for turning around. How many hours down the road was it when you did?"

"Damn, man, it was a long while."

The golfer groaned.

"Let me see," Sleep said. "I asked you a question, that was it—what club ya' use on the par-3 water hole at Jax? I must have driven along 10 miles waiting for you to give the answer, thinking, hey, you're really putting your mind to it, and then I looked over the back seat and you wasn't there! Well, I nearly drove the car into a tree. I figured you stepped out somewhere to groove your swing and I remembered that railroad crossing . . . where was it?"

"Mullins," the golfer said. "They have another town in that area called The Gulch."

"Yes," Sleep said. "So I drove back. I like driving. You know how much I like driving."

They went on in silence for a while.

The golfer finally couldn't contain himself. "You know what I did there in that town of Mullins?"

"No, what?"

"Well, not much," he said calmly. "Worked a kink out of my swing. Got my follow-through feeling a bit easier. Beat a man to death up in the north forty. Beat another man to death in Bull Creek pasture."

Sleep began laughing. "The sun got to you, eh? Man, this country's hot." He pointed to the passing pine forests. "You know something I figured: not much golf in these parts. Haven't seen a course, a driving range, pitch 'n' putt, nothing like that for 300 miles. Must be tennis country."

"Yes, I guess that must be it," said the golfer.

END

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## COLLEGE FOOTBALL

# A new name for the game: Score! Score! Score!

The referee's arms are in the air and defensive coaches are up in arms as sophisticated offenses, quarterbacks who run and the sudden urge to gamble bring touchdowns everywhere by DAN JENKINS

1968 to bring absolute ruin to both defensive thought and ability.

The result has been an explosive season, one in which, in the first five weeks, the number of plays per game (348.7), the total offensive yardage per game (6291), the total points per game (39.3), the number of pass completions per game (23.2), the number of pass attempts per game (50) and the total yards passing per game (299) all proceeded at a record-breaking pace. And meantime, we slump back and listen to results that make us wonder how a sport that produced the Seven Blocks of Granite can suddenly come up with the Seven Dabs of Mayonaisse instead.

To just leap about the country for some clever examples, this has been a year in which Cincinnati scored 33 points on Houston and lost by 38. In which Baylor got 36 on Indiana and lost by four. In which Montana raked up 45 on Idaho and lost by 11. In which Toledo pounded out 31 against Ohio—and lost by nine. In which fast, deceptive Arkansas scored more points (29) against southern Texas than Frank Broyles ever has—and lost by 10. And this was all before last Saturday when the most unruly spectacles occurred. Such as Notre Dame growing for 455 yards and 26 first downs and losing (21-17) to Michigan State. Such as Oklahoma racing for 508 yards and 27 points—and losing to Colorado by 14. Such as Army giving up 480 yards (the highest total in its history) and 25 points to Duke, and winning by an outlandish 32. And such as speedy Houston losing five fumbles five, mind you—in Jackson, Miss., and still grinding up the Rebels 29-7 with

573 yards of total offense. Not to mention atrocities like Cal's 43 points against Syracuse (see page 34) or careful Missouri's 56 against Kansas State.

How this has happened is easier to explain than what will happen next. Practically the whole of the '60s has been given over to experimentation with offense. USC's John McKay came up with the shifting T, or his form of the I, which was the first system that could attack the rush-conscious defense. It spread the field and confused the roving linebacker. Up to then, the way to win was to power sweep everybody, try to outmuscle them, play defense and wait for a break. McKay's formation led to other variations—and ultimately to what is now referred to as "pro style" college football, but which is actually more diversified and complex than pro football. Basically, receivers are split wide—often five receivers go out on a single play—backs can run and quarterbacks can throw and run. All of this has spread defenses too thin.

At the same time there came a gradual erosion of the two-way football rules. There was a wild-card substitution, then two wild cards, then offensive and defensive units and, finally, unlimited substitution, which enabled coaches to concentrate on developing specialist-oriented offenses, with unusual emphasis on quarterbacks and receivers. Obviously, a remarkable number of these excel at their specialties. SMU's skinny sophomore quarterback, Chuck Hixson, for example, has already completed more passes in a single season—a whopping 164 with four games to play—than all but three Southwest Conference throw-

**A**t a time when it seems to a great many of us that the whole world is either on strike, on fire, on dope, or on a sneezing jag because of all of the hair-dangling in its face, it only stands to reason that the religion of college football should reflect some kind of fierce neurosis. And it does. With only half of the 1968 season gone, the computer can verify what the startled fan, the bewildered coach and the out-of-breath tackler have all been thinking. Briefly this nobody can stop anybody. Or as Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles puts it, "There isn't a defensive coach in America who can sleep at night without taking pills."

Like none before it, the current season is a display of what can happen when several trends come together at the same time. Specialized athletes, permissive rules which favor offense and inventive coaches have all combined in



ers ever. And this is a league which has produced a few Sam Baughis, Bobby Laynes and Don Merediths in its day.

With the new intricate systems and the rules permitting specialization, the offense got one more boost with the rule that stops the clock after a first down, a change that has added an average of 4.2 plays a game to a team's attack. In addition to this small increase, however, there is a surprising tendency to run many more plays per game than in the past. In fact, in terms of action provided, college offenses now make the pros look dowdy. In the first half of the season the top college teams got off about 40', more offensive plays than the leading pro teams. Notre Dame averaged 93 plays a game, Yale, 89, Ohio State, 87, Georgia, 85, USC, with its ground attack, and Tennessee, with its consciousness about field position, still averaged 78 each. This compared with Los Angeles at 65 plays a game; Dallas, 63; Baltimore, 60 and Green Bay, 57.

"We are now getting plays off every 12 or 13 seconds," says Ohio State's Woody Hayes. "We are moving so fast I frequently can't get a play in from the sidelines. We'll hit 100 plays a game soon." This, coming from one of football's bastions of the conservative, makes it plain that something big has happened.

Quite naturally, all of this is driving the game's coaching giants goofy. Bear Bryant is sitting down there in Tuscaloosa with one of the best defensive teams he has ever had, allowing opponents only 10 points a game, but the Tide has been beaten twice and scared witless almost every week because it just can't score enough. And coaches with teams that can score try to score plenty, because they pace the sidelines knowing a two-touchdown lead is far from a safe one anymore. (Halftime last Saturday: Ohio State, 24, Illinois, 0. In the fourth quarter: Ohio State, 24, Illinois, 24.)

"What's happened is obvious," says Bryant, the master of defense. "First of all, due to the pro influence, there are more good pitchers and catchers coming out of high school. They all want one of those Joe Namath contracts. Then, of course, most colleges use their best athletes on offense, as backs and receivers. That's not necessarily true in the pros. They've got some of their best athletes on defense, especially cornerback. When the defense is forced to spread out, it must go to man-to-man

coverage. But if the offensive boy—the pass receiver—is a better athlete than the defensive boy, he'll beat him. So you have to go to double coverage, and that weakens you against the run."

Particularly the running of a quarterback. "The hammer that has broken things down is the option play," says Frank Broyles of Arkansas. "If we just spread people out and let the quarterback drop back and throw like the pros, you could play a consistent defense. But now you've got teams with two split receivers, with runners, and with quarterbacks who can run the option as well as throw. This simply generates more offense than any defense can handle."

"If the pros had the collegiate option play, they'd go up and down the field all day," Broyles says. "Against their standard four-man fronts, a Roman Gabriel ought to be able to roll out without any sort of fake and get a first down whenever he wanted to expose himself to that sort of thing."

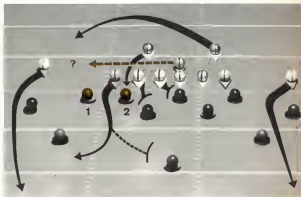
Kansas' Pepper Rodgers concurs. "In the pro game, because the quarterback almost never runs, you have what might be described as 10 men on offense against 11 men on defense. The colleges have

11 against 11, and the best ones are playing offense." Rodgers himself has the man who best typifies the new trend, Quarterback Bob Douglass, a strong passer and excellent runner. "I think of him, at 6' 3" and 212 pounds," says Rodgers, "compared to me at quarterback for Georgia Tech in 1953 I was 5' 9" and weighed 175. And Douglass would have outrun me by 20 yards in a 100-yard dash." So dangerous are these running quarterbacks that three of them are among the top 12 ground-gainers in the Big Eight Conference.

What has happened to those fabled All-America defensive linemen with the evolution of "option" football as opposed to the "power" football of the 1950s is best explained by Texas' Darrell Royal. "The big tackle who used to stand his ground and keep anyone from running over him has been isolated into an option position. If he tackles the running back on a dive but the quarterback has faked the hand-off, that's just as effective as blocking the tackle."

The tackle is in trouble because of the biggest vogue in college football "Homer's Triple," as some call it or the "Houston Veer," as others refer to

continued



### *The play that hurts the most*

This is the triple option that is destroying defenses. It attacks two key men, the defensive end (1) and tackle (2). Here the quarterback slides to his right. His first option, depending on what the tackle does, is to give the ball to the running back or keep it himself. If he keeps

it, he moves on as the back blocks the tackle and then, depending on what the end does, he answers the big question: He either pitches to the trailing halfback and blocks the end or fakes the pitch and runs himself—or he may suddenly stop and pass to an open receiver.

it. It is a quarterback option play first devised by Cincinnati Coach Homer Rice, then expanded upon by Houston Coach Bill Yeoman. If you run at Homer's way, the tackle gets optioned instead of blocked. You make that hulking soul worry about three things: a give to the runner, a keep by the quarterback or a pitchout. If you run it Houston's way, both the tackle and the end are optioned instead of blocked. Perhaps it should be called Somebody's Quadruple, because the quarterback can also pass as he goes veering down the line.

What it all comes down to is that the defense has been terribly disarmed. The deep hacks have to stay back or get bombed. The cornerbacks have to watch the run and the pass. The ends have to beware of the pass first. The linebackers have to drop off and double cover, or move more quickly than most of them can with a play flowing away from them.

One thing that would solve the dilemma immediately would be a rules change. Eliminate free substitution and it would be back to power football quicker than you could say Bear-Darrell-Frank. But most college coaches like two platoons, even if their athletic directors are beginning to worry about budgets. The only other solution will take a little longer. This would be for coaches to start putting their best athletes on defense. Woody Hayes, for example, is in the enviable position of being able to use John Tatum, a 6-foot, 202-pound 9.7 man at cornerback even though Hayes is sure Tatum could be his starting tailback. It was Tatum who shadowed Purdue's Leroy Keyes so well that Leroy fell back a few strides in the Heisman derby, and Ohio State beat the Boilermakers 13-0, a musty, old-fashioned football score.

"When the colleges start developing fast, talented cornerbacks, you'll begin to see a difference," says Florida State's Bill Peterson, himself one of the prime movers toward offense. "We're already seeing a lot of different defensive 'looks.' They're starting to make it difficult to call the right play. It'll tighten up, and then we'll all be trying to go to something else."

As Darrell Royal likes to say about trends and how the game goes in cycles: "There ain't a horse can't be rode or a man can't be throwed."

Meanwhile, the only thing being throwed is defense.

## FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

### SOUTHWEST

- 1. TEXAS (4-1-1)
- 2. ARKANSAS (5-1)
- 3. SMU (5-1)

Texas Tech scored 10 points the first two times it had the ball against SMU, but then, with Cotton Bowl visions dancing inside the helmets of the Red Raiders, the Mustangs came on like dreambusters. They scored twice within 10 seconds on passes by Chuck Hixon, on a 53-yard field goal by Ricky Lesser, on a safety and on another 53-yarder by Lesser—39 straight points in a 39-18 victory. Hixon, who leads the country in completions with 164 in 291 tries, hit his receivers with 29 out of 50 passes, connecting 11 times with Jerry Levas.

Unlike SMU, Texas is a running team, and with Chris Gilbert leading the overload assault, the Longhorns crunched out 440 yards and whipped Rice 38-14. Gilbert gained 213 yards to set an SWC career record of 2,729. Moved extra points and rugged defensive play helped Baylor and Arkansas to prevail. Baylor picked off three Texas A&M passes and three fumbles—the last on the Bears' 16 with 33 seconds to go—to win 10-9. Arkansas led 17-3 against North Texas State, then hung on to win 17-15 when the Eagles missed a PAT kick and later bobbled a pitchout on a two-point try. Bill Burnett ran for 185 yards and scored twice for the Razorbacks.

### WEST

- 1. USC (5-0)
- 2. CALIFORNIA (5-1)
- 3. WYOMING (5-2)

USC Coach John McKay and his No. 1-ranked Trojans had a day off last Saturday, but USC's next four Pacific Eight opponents were all beginning to demonstrate the kind of strength that could upset the Trojans' plans for a rosy New Year's Day celebration. Oregon, for example, beat Utah 14-6 for its third straight, and USC must face the Ducks in Eugene this Saturday. California, with its best team in 10 years, smashed Syracuse 43-0. Oregon State, after its customary sputtering start, has now righted itself. OSU defeated Washington State 16-8.

Even UCLA, after three losses in a row, suddenly came alive. "We lack flamboyance," UCLA Coach Tommy Prothro had complained. "We don't have the verve, the dash and the drive. We don't have smoothness, audacity and the desire to dish out heavy punishment." It looked like yet another vengeful afternoon for his Bruins when Stanford took a 14-0 lead but, all of a sud-

den, in the early minutes of the third quarter, UCLA at last began to exhibit some flamboyance. Quarterback Bill Bolden and Wingback Gwen Cooper teamed up on a 64-yard pass play for a touchdown. Minutes later, after a Stanford fumble on the UCLA 24, Fullback Rick Purdy went over from the one for another score. Both times, however, the Bruins tried to run for two extra points and failed, and Bill Shoemaker's 24-yard field goal put Stanford ahead 17-12 early in the fourth quarter. But now the Bruins showed some audacity, as Quarterback Jim Nader hurled a 50-yard pass to Split End Ron Copeland, who caught it in a crowd on the Stanford three. With 3:43 to go, Halfback Greg Jones bulled over for a touchdown and then ran for two extra points as UCLA won 20-17.

After six straight losses, New Mexico's Lobos figured that everything possible had already happened to them. Then Wyoming's Rob Jacobs kicked off into a 45-mile-per-hour wind that whistled northward across the bleak Larame plains. The ball got caught in the gale and ended up drifting backward to the New Mexico 48, where Wyoming Linebacker Gene Sheahan grabbed it. From there the Cowboys went on to score, and eventually won 35-6. "It was a brilliant piece of strategy," explained Coach Lloyd Eaton.

That wasn't the only strange happening in the Western AC. Brigham Young, breezing along with a 22-point lead in the last quarter, lost to Texas-EI Paso 31-25 when Brooks Dawson came off the bench to throw three touchdown passes and Jeff White ran two yards for another score with 30 seconds to go. That ruined the frosting on BYU's 23,000-pound homecoming cake.

Utah State showed little respect for West Texas State's Mercury Morris, the nation's leading rusher. The Aggies held him to 52 yards as they whipped West Texas 20-10.

### MIDWEST

- 1. OHIO STATE (5-0)
- 2. KANSAS (6-0)
- 3. PURDUE (5-1)

The night before the Notre Dame game, Michigan State's Duffy Dougherty had everybody laughing—as usual—when he told Irish Athletic Director Moose Krause that his Spartans might open the game with an onside kick. "But nobody takes me seriously," said Duffy with a sly grin. Sure enough, the Spartans tried an opening onside kick, and recovered it on the Notre Dame 42. Not long after that, Tailback Tommy Love scored the first of his two touchdowns on an 11-yard run, and Michigan

State went on to win 21-17 behind a stout defense led by combination Split End-Safetyman Al Bernier. The individual brilliance of Quarterback Terry Hannatty, who completed 27 of 43 passes for 312 yards and ran for 43 more, could not save Notre Dame.

Critics keep saying that teams can't win Big Ten championships or even Little Brown Jugs with little quarterbacks. Michigan's Dennis Brown, who claims to be 5' 10" and 175 pounds, is a big exception to that old saw. Against Minnesota he directed the surprising Wolverines to scores six of the first seven times they had the ball, and led them to a 33-20 victory—plus the Little Brown Jug and a share of the Big Ten lead.

Ohio State, the other leader, had to fight to survive after building a 24-0 lead. Illinois took a chapter out of Woody Hayes' book—the one about how to smash the fullback up the middle—and came roaring back to tie the score. It took a two-yard plunge by Jim Otto with 1:30 to go to save Ohio State's unbeaten record 31-24.

With Quarterback Mike Phipps derailed by an ankle injury, Purdue went back to old-fashioned football against Iowa. Leroy Keyes, though limping on his bad right ankle, piled up 185 yards as the landlocked Boilermakers won 44-14. Indiana, up to its old Katzenjammer tricks, went down to the last four minutes before Quarterback Harry Gomo passed to Jude Butcher for the touchdown that beat undefeated Arizona 16-13. Northwestern, after five weeks of blood-letting, found a team it could beat: Wisconsin, 13-10.

Kansas relaxed with a 39-3 lead over Iowa State, but they had to fight hard for a 46-25 win. Missouri had it easier, beating Kansas State 56-20, but Oklahoma, in over its head against Colorado, lost 41-27.

## SOUTH

1. GEORGIA (5-0-1)
2. TENNESSEE (4-0-1)
3. LSU (15-1)

As if in a prelude to Halloween, Houston came up with a bagful of tricks as it treated itself to a 29-7 win over Mississippi, amassing 573 yards on offense and rolling up 29 first downs, the most ever allowed by a Rebel team. Trickiest of the Cougars was Paul Gipson, who romped for 210 yards. It was the worst loss in 15 years for the Rebels.

For the 16th season in a row Shug Jordan's Auburn team won its homecoming game, upsetting Miami 31-6. Quarterback Loren Carter and Tackle Dave Campbell reduced the Hurricanes to a whisper. Carter passed for 274 yards and three scores, while Campbell led the Tiger defense as it set a Southeastern Conference record by pushing back Miami to a total of minus 85 yards on the ground.

Georgia's fifth straight win was, so to speak, sewn up when Kentucky Quarter-

back Stan Forston underwent a midweek appendectomy. Sophomore Dave Bar filled in and he did pass twice to Dicky Lyons for touchdowns, once on a 92-yard play. Bulldog Safety Jake Scott, however, also caught two of Bar's throws for touchdowns en route to a 35-14 victory. In another SEC contest, Florida was tied by Vanderbilt 17-14 when the Commodores scored on a 13-yard pass from John Miller to Jim Cunningham in the fourth period.

Two other SEC teams Alabama and LSU narrowly won from outsiders. Alabama, in front 14-0 against Clemson, gave up two touchdowns, missed five field goals and finally pulled it out 21-14 on a fourth-period pass from Scott Hunter to George Ranager. With 5:25 left against TCU, 65,638 thirsty LSU fans exerted all their lung power, but Mark Lumpkin of the Tigers knew the cheers were not for him. It was fourth-and-two on the TCU 29 with the score tied, and Tiger fans, aware of Lumpkin's field-goal misses earlier in the year, wanted a first down. But when Lumpkin booted a field goal he gave LSU a 10-7 win and earned some genuine cheers for himself.

Mississippi State lost 24-17 to Tampa, which rallied for two touchdowns, and Southern Mississippi fell to Memphis State 29-7. Florida State staved off South Carolina 35-28 when Bill Cappelman passed 16 yards to Ron Sellers for the fourth touchdown on which they collaborated.

Sophomore Quarterback Jack Williams, playing before a homecoming crowd in his home town of Atlanta, took over for Georgia Tech in the last two minutes, completed six passes in a row to beat Tulane 21-19. Another Tech—Virginia—stopped West Virginia 27-12.

North Carolina State disposed of Maryland 31-11 to pad its Atlantic Coast Conference lead. Wake Forest, winless in five games despite being outscored by a total of only 11 points piling up 632 yards in total offense in thrashing North Carolina 48-31.

Buster O'Brien ran for 213 yards, passed for 135 and guided Southern Conference leader Richmond to a 31-7 win over East Carolina.

## EAST

1. PENN STATE (5-0)
2. ARMY (4-2)
3. YALE (5-0)

Before the Boston College game, Penn State's Joe Paterno was asked about BC Coach Joe Yukica, an old Penn State end. "I was his sophomore dorm counselor back in 1950," recalled Paterno. "I never thought then I'd be worrying about him beating me." That drew a laugh. After all, the Nittany Lions were unbeaten and ranked No. 4 while Boston College was just struggling to regain respectability. But late in the first half Penn State led only 3-0, mostly because

continued

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Guide Division



FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

Quarterback Chuck Burkhardt had completed just one of his 11 passes. Then Ted Kwalick, the Lions' good tight end, began making Burkhardt look good. He made a falling catch on the BC 31, then a diving grab in the end zone for a touchdown. Two more catches by Kwalick—the last one off his shoe tops—set up an 11-yard scoring run by Fullback Tom Cherry. Kwalick caught another pass for two extra points and Penn State led 17-0 at the half. After that the Lions' strong defense took over, and Penn State won easily 29-0.

Army, however, may be a tougher proposition for Penn State this week. The Cadets, apparently over their early season troubles and on their best behavior for visiting Gen. William C. Westmoreland, rolled across defenseless Duke 57-25 as Halfback Lynn Moore ran for four touchdowns. Fullback Chuck Jarvis scored twice, and Jim McCall ran back a pass interception 97 yards for a touchdown.

Pitt, beaten by Navy a week earlier, lost another war to a service academy. While the Air Force defense dropped Quarterback Dave Haven for losses nine times, sophomore speedboys Ernest Jennings and Curtis Martin ran the hapless Panthers dizzy. Jennings broke away on a 55-yard touchdown run and Martin scored twice, as the Falcons won 27-14. "We couldn't beat the Little Sisters of the Poor the way we played," said Coach Dave Hart in disgust.

Maybe the rest of the nation isn't im-

## PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**THE BACK:** As a defensive safety, Al Brenner stole a Terry Hanratty throw and later tackled him on the Michigan State two to save a 21-17 win over Notre Dame. As a split end, he caught a pass to set up the winning score.

**THE LINEMAN:** Tackle Dave Campbell helped Auburn upset Miami 31-6 by singlehandedly bringing down Quarterback David Oliva seven times for losses totaling 59 yards, blocking a pass and getting in on eight other tackles.

pressed but, with the season half over, three of the country's eight unbeaten and untied teams—Yale, Harvard and Penn—are in the Ivy League. Yale beat Cornell 25-13 for its 13th straight as Quarterback Brian Downing passed for three touchdowns. Harvard had little trouble defeating Dartmouth 22-7, while Penn, the biggest Ivy surprise of the season, upset Princeton 19-14. The ultimate test will come for the Quakers this week when they play Harvard at Cambridge.

Rutgers and Columbia got together in their annual free-scoring wiggling, and Rutgers prevailed 28-17. Navy's one-game winning streak didn't last very long. The Middies lost to Virginia 24-0.

END



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ester oxford. Softly flared collar, elegantly elongated. Trim Hugger body. This Roman Stripe Oxford comes in varied color-framed stripings—all on white backgrounds. About \$10 at discerning stores everywhere.

**GANT**





Jacqueline Kennedy and Aristotle Onassis were on a great many minds last week, and horseplayers at New York's Belmont Park could have turned the preoccupation to good account. The unexpected winner of the last race on Wednesday, Oct. 23, paying \$102.80, was a horse named Kentucky Folk. Kentucky Folk is out of Chic Greek, and Chic Greek's sire just happens to have been Greek Ship.

With all the sedentary types around who would be perfectly happy to sit for 11 days, it seems somehow too bad that only vigorous, athletic men are being cooped up in space ships. Astronaut Wally Schirra is a water skier and a lover of fast cars. Walter Cunningham is a baseball player who barely escaped breaking his neck working out on the trampoline, and Dorn Eisele was a runner in high school. He still runs for exercise, and it is more exercise these days than it used to be. He carries his 95-pound wife.

"I hope this does not mean that I must give up drinking," observed M. Bernard Cambourne upon the occasion of his being made a blood brother of the Blood Indians last week. It would have been awkward. Cambourne is executive vice-president of Pernod, and was in Canada for the annual Pernod-sponsored pheasant shoot. The hunt was held this year in America rather than Eastern Europe, and 191 French hunters flew 5,000 miles to bag 169 pheasants, 117 grouse, 30 ducks, 59 jackrabbits and one porcupine. That many hunters make up quite a large shooting party. The line stretched well over a mile, and with 190 competitors, each man moved out so briskly for a shot at the birds that the party, in 45 minutes, had gone through fields expected to take them two hours. Pierre Bauch, the French manager and director of Colgate-Palmolive, said, "It was a

very wonderful hunt. The birds were certainly there, and any hunter who did not get his share had only himself to blame." As for his share, when asked, Bauch said, "How many were we allowed?" and, given the answer, he said, "Oh. Then maybe I will not say anything."

★ The Tigers' Mickey Lolich has found things more congenial around the Detroit air base than have some other sergeants in the Michigan Air National Guard who neglected to win three games in the World Series. The base was temporarily renamed in his honor, he got to lounge about in the commanding general's office and smoke the commanding general's cigars, and for one full year he has been declared exempt from KP.

Who better to review *The Great White Hope*—the Broadway play based on the life of Jack Johnson—than that ex-heavyweight champion and Shakespeare enthusiast Gene Tunney? "I thought it was terrifically dramatic," Mr. Tunney reports. "It is excellent theater, and James Earl Jones [who plays 'Jack Jefferson'] is extraordinary. There is a resemblance to Johnson in his early days. He did look boyish in his pictures."

As for Jones's technique as Johnson, Tunney says of it, "Even professional boxers would be pleased with his performance. He hits the bag pretty well and with some knowledge. He didn't do any fighting, of course, except for a bit with his wife. That," said Mr. Tunney, with more civility than dramatic sense or domestic insight, "could have been left out."

★ In one of the memorable TV appearances of all time, News Commentator Lowell Thomas once turned the program *This Is Your Life* into a rout. Inexplicable to the particular honor being paid him, he refrained from weeping with nostalgia as His Life passed before him. When M.C. Ralph Edwards said, "I am sure you are going to be happy as your life goes by," Thomas answered frostily, "I doubt that very much," after which it was downhill all the way. Well, last week Thomas received a tribute somewhat more to his taste. He was guest of honor at the Ski Ball in the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. The \$50-a-ticket function was sold out, and more than \$60,000 was raised to support the U.S. ski team. The entire team was present, having converged from all over the country, as had many

of its supporters, and the 76-year-old Thomas was saluted for his own fund-raising efforts over many years. On this occasion he was not only appreciative, he was resplendent. He broke out a gold brocade dinner jacket with



black sleeves and was able to say, with conviction, "Thank you."

That conservative observer of the American scene, William F. Buckley, is something of a sportsman, but his public is to be forgiven if it suspects that the muscles he exercises most are those which raise his eyebrows. His brother James, candidate for the Senate from New York, confines his athletic endeavors to leisurely walks in the woods. This leaves the sports pretty much up to Mrs. James Buckley, which is all right with her. She skis, plays tennis and shoots golf in the 90s or better. When, a bit ago, she said bleakly, "It was a crushing defeat," she spoke of nothing political. The Sharon, Conn. Mothers' Field Hockey Team had dropped its opening game 4-0.





MCLAREN SPEEDS AROUND RIVERSIDE COURSE IN RACER OF HIS OWN DESIGN, WHICH HAS DOMINATED CAN AM SPORTS CAR SERIES

## Teacher gets a taste of glory on the Coast

No longer content to let prize pupil Denis Hulme lead their blitz of the Canadian-American racing series, New Zealand's Bruce McLaren took charge of the season's biggest event before a swarming California crowd

The line had been forming all day and was three miles long at 10 o'clock last Saturday night when the gate on the backside of the Riverside International Raceway opened. Hearty and hardy, the vanguard of the 83,000 people who the next day would see the Los Angeles Times Grand Prix—the fifth of this season's Canadian-American Challenge Cup races—began to move slowly into the track through the thick, stifling desert dust. They came in campers, mobile homes, chartered buses, little sports cars and occasionally a good old-fashioned Ford or Chevrolet.

They were college kids, high school kids in the process of losing their alcoholic virginity and adults who should have known better. About 30% of them were honest-to-goodness car buffs, the guys who can tweak their engines with all the skill of top-flight racing mechanics, and the rest were just plain \$5-a-head fans out for a weekend's high-speed entertainment.

Greeting them all, it seemed, was The Enforcer. Six feet four inches and 270 pounds, he walked slowly up and down between the double line of vehicles, mak-

ing quiet conversation in a gentle voice. Now and then he flicked his flashlight at the trunk of a car and told one of the security men to open it. And, sure enough, a sheepish kid trying to save \$5 would pop out. "You can tell," The Enforcer said. "If there are fingerprints on the trunk you'd better take a look." Mostly, though, the crowd was playing no tricks. They responded to The Enforcer's greetings and called out, "Hi, Les."

Les Richter, six years and 30 pounds removed from the unsavory violence of professional football—in which he became a legitimate California sports hero as a linebacker with the Los Angeles Rams—turned and waved his hand and smiled.

Richter is The Enforcer to his friends, but he is the president of Riverside to his stockholders, and the night before a big race he gets no sleep. For two hours last Sunday the raceway belonged to Bruce McLaren (Sl, Oct. 28), who won the Grand Prix and the first prize of \$21,610. But in the long hours of the night before the race and through the morning, the track was Richter's.

Any infield the night before a race defies the clichés of sociology (or perhaps explains the need for the study of it), but Riverside has a distinct advantage: Southern California.

Richter moved slowly through the assembling crowd, first on a little motorcycle, then on foot. He was plugged into a walkie-talkie that kept him in constant contact with the security men around the sprawling 600-acre plant whose job was to maintain some semblance of order until the last spectators left Sunday night.

"I like to do this," Richter said. "I like to see what kind of people are here, where they're from and why they do a crazy thing like this."

Riverside is at once very easy and very difficult to explain, easy because it is located just 60 miles from Los Angeles and on the fringe of the Southern California population center of seven million. It is a good setting for selling just about anything, but the creature comforts are not exactly in evidence. The temperature approaches 100° during the day, when the smog permits, and at night the hot desert winds give way to a sud-

den chill, and it takes a good deal of ingenuity to make up for the old swimming pool and barbecue pit back at the split level.

Ingenuous, though, the Riverside crowd was. Through the long night and well into Sunday morning, radios blared, portable television sets played and the inside of one magnificent truck looked like Hugh Hefner's living room. It was a huge thing, pinewood-paneled, with pictures of Playboy bunnies on the walls, a hi-fi stereo set blared country-and-western over most of Turn 5—the "jungle," as Richter calls the area—and out back the occupants were doing a real live buck-and-wing.

"I don't really think people would come to races if they were comfortable and antiseptic," Richter said. "This kind of thing brings out the gypsy in everybody. It's strange."

Richter grew up in Fresno, Calif., and was initiated to racing at the dirt tracks in Northern California—as a spectator—long before he went to the University of California, made All-America and started on the road to football fame. When he retired from the Rams after the 1962 season, he was invited to become the president of Riverside, and in his fifth season of running the most versatile race course in the U.S.—it is the only one that successfully supports Grand National stock cars and U.S. Auto Club championship cars as well as sports cars—has put the track into the black financially and has seen it become the most charismatic racing attraction going. It draws the Hollywood crowd, notably James Garner, Dick Smothers, Paul Newman and Dan Blocker, whose party of 20 rented a Greyhound bus for the weekend, the international crowd, with Stirling Moss out front, and the split-level Torrance crowd as well, and they all have a good time, although it does take that security force of 50 men to keep the gypsy in everybody within reasonable limits.

What the gypsies—Hollywood, bare-turmed and otherwise—saw on the track was more of the old McLaren Can-Am magic. Team McLaren Owner-Driver Bruce and hired gun Denis Hulme had rented the 3.2-mile circuit on Thursday, one day before official practice began, to work some bugs out of their cars. Hulme never made it. His polar flight from London had mechanical difficulty. No matter. McLaren himself

tooled around the course just 11 times, took two-tenths of a second off the track record and retired for the rest of the day to the swimming pool at Riverside's Mission Inn.

On Friday, McLaren did things officially, getting around in 1:38.51 at an average speed of 119.683 mph. Nobody else was even close. Gusty winds and a lot of oil on the track kept times slow during the final qualifying session on Saturday, but Hulme slammed his way into the first row alongside his teammate. That made the fourth time in the five Can-Am races to date that the Kiwis had been together on the first row.

Behind Team McLaren came Mark Donohue, half a second slower, and Jim Hall, two lengths behind Donohue. And poor Mario Andretti. Crew Chief George Rignotti had just received a new Ford aluminum 427-cu-in. engine and a new Lola chassis and, in effect, tried to build a race car in a day. It didn't work, and Andretti, who deserves better, did not even make the starting grid. Both Peter Revson and Dan Gurney, the other two name drivers using Ford engines, fell out of contention early. Revson, who qualified fifth, had blown an engine late Saturday, and the replacement lasted just one lap of the race itself. Gurney, No. 6 on the grid, was blowing smoke on the first lap—oil was leaking onto the exhaust pipes. He pitted several times and completed just seven of the 62 laps.

The early laps of the race, like the qualifying sessions, were a mirror of the entire Can-Am series. McLaren and Hulme challenged each other only on the first lap, with McLaren winning a deep drive into the No. 9 turn at the end of the mile-long back straight, and in a very short time the field was spread out. After just six laps McLaren led Hulme by approximately three seconds; there was another five-second gap to the cars driven by Hall and Donohue and a startling 26-second margin between them and fifth-place John Surtees. And by the 25th lap those four Chevrolet-powered racers had lapped the rest of the field. It was definitely a day for beer drinking and gaily watching, and both girls and beer, fortunately, were in plentiful supply.

Hall was forced to pit on the 38th lap with braking problems, which moved Donohue into third place. Thirteen laps later Hulme spun coming out of Turn 5. Another car had broken loose in front of him and Hulme had a sudden choice

of hitting the other car or taking a detour. He chose the detour, had to pit to repair his bodywork, and McLaren breezed home an easy 36-second winner over Donohue.

Hulme did manage to finish fifth, but his little shunt may have cost him the Can-Am driving championship. Going into the race, the reigning Grand Prix champion had a seven-point lead over Donohue. Coming out of it, Hulme has 26 points, with McLaren and Donohue tied for second at 23 each. And that means the driving title, worth \$40,000, won't be decided until the series' last race in Las Vegas on November 10.

McLaren quite naturally was pleased with his victory. It was his first of the series this year, and until this race he had been content to let Hulme bring Team McLaren the driving championship, mostly because Hulme was the man with the best chance to win it. But after the race he said, "I thought I'd be a driver today instead of an instructor." **END**



STIRLING MOSS (LEFT) SUNS IN PITS

## Pappin pops 'em in for the Black Hawks

**Ex-Maple Leaf Jimmy Pappin is swinging a hot stick for Chicago**

One day last May Jimmy Pappin was on a fairway at the Richmond Hill Golf and Country Club in Toronto when he was told there was a telephone call for him at the clubhouse. It was his wife, Karen, and she said Punch Imlach (the coach and general manager of the Toronto Maple Leafs) had just called to say that Jim had been traded to Chicago. "Honey," said Pappin, "don't cook dinner. We're going out to celebrate. I'm the happiest guy in the world."

Jim was happy for two reasons. First, he was getting off the elevator that had shuttled him up and down between the Leafs and the miners. Second, he was

going to a club that liked to score a lot of goals and wasn't as grouchy about playing defense as Imlach. Last week Jim seemed to have found the perfect niche, for Chicago was matching powerful Montreal win for win in the new NHL season, and Pappin was the league's goal-scoring leader, with eight. Never mind that the Black Hawks were giving up three goals a game to their enemies, on the average. They were putting live goals into the nets.

"We've got some guys that can shoot," says Billy Reay, the dapper little coach of the Hawks. "Bobby and Dennis Hull, Stan Mikita. Pit Martin, Doug Mohr and now Pappin. When guys like that keep cranking the puck at your net it's going to go in sooner or later."

Pappin came to the Hawks in one of several deals that Imlach, the master trader, negotiated after the Leafs missed the playoffs for the first time since 1953. Before the season was even over Imlach swapped Frank Mahovlich, for whom Chicago had once offered \$1 million, Pete Stenkowski and promising Center Gary Unger for a complete forward line from the Detroit Red Wings—Norm Ullman, Paul Henderson and Floyd Smith. Pappin was dealt for Pierre Pilote, formerly an All-Star defenseman.

The Hawks are off to their best start in years, defying tight-checking teams

like Toronto to spike their high-scoring forwards. Last year the Hawks lost their first six games and made the playoffs only because of Toronto's difficulty with the expansion teams. This year Mikita and Bobby Hull both held out for more money, Mikita finally signing just before the first game and Hull—after "retiring" for 78 hours—dramatically coming to terms 90 minutes before the second game. However, both players were in camp, and when they put down their pens they were prepared to pick up their sticks. Mikita is leading the league in total points, while Hull—playing as if he is out to prove himself all over again—has 30 goals after seven games.

"Having everybody in shape has been the difference so far," says Reay. "When some are ready and some aren't it's impossible to be consistent." Reay was alarmed about the defense before the season started, and he is still seeking to improve it. (When Howie Young, a talented but temperamental defenseman, refused to report to Oakland after being traded by Detroit, Chicago bought his contract for \$30,000.) But with the goals going in the way they are, Reay will do a minimum of tinkering, the object of the game is still to score more goals than the other team.

And Pappin is scoring more goals than anybody. "Before the season began I would have settled for 25," he said last week, "but now I won't, not with this start. Heck, I'd like to score 50. I'm not shooting for a specific number, but I'd like to average about seven or eight a month." (As who would not. That average would make him a superstar.)

In Pappin's best season with Toronto he scored 21 goals and always appeared capable of getting more. He is big (6'1", 190 pounds), he can skate and obviously he can shoot. He is now using a curved stick, which, he says, has made his shot even better.

Pappin's image as a goal scorer, coupled with his occasional tardiness at coming back to help on defense, is probably the reason he never hit it off with Imlach—a man who regards giving up goals as sinful—and why he spent most of his previous eight years as a pro commuting between Toronto and its minor-league affiliate, the Rochester Americans. The Maple Leafs play a tight, clutch-and-grab style, 16 men go out to get one goal and then spend the rest of the night protecting it. Pappin, in Im-



PAPPIN FIRES THE KING OF SHOT THAT HAS MADE HIM THE NHL GOAL-SCORING LEADER

Bach's view, was not a two-way player. "I'm not going to knock Punch," says Pappin. "A lot of people are just waiting for me to do it, but I'm not going to. Really, I don't think I ever fitted into his plans. What burned me up was being sent down when I thought he was keeping players that weren't as good."

Near the end of his 21-goal year—1967—Pappin found himself on his way to Rochester once more, but when the playoffs started he was back up again, and he led the Leafs to the Stanley Cup championship, topping all scorers with 15 points in 12 games. Last February everything was going wrong with the Leafs when Imlach, perhaps in a superstitious move, decided to ship Pappin out again, hoping to light a fire under him. Pappin had heard rumors that the elevator was descending and he blew up. "I know what he's going to say to me," Pappin recalls thinking. "Well, he's out of luck. I'm retiring. That's it." With that, Jim stormed out of the dressing room and took off on a skiing expedition in northern Canada. Eventually he cooled off and reported to Rochester, but Imlach, believing that Pappin had let his teammates down, had made up his mind to unload him at the first opportunity. That opportunity came when Chicago offered to trade Pilete.

Could Pappin have played in Toronto under a different coach? "I honestly don't know," he says. "Toronto is a good town. I'm settled there and I've got a good business going. But it's really hard to play for the Leafs. Since almost all the players in the NHL are from Canada, most of them have friends in Toronto. When they come in for a game they're always met at the airport, and when they get to the hotel their mailboxes are always stuffed with telephone messages and telegrams from friends and relatives. So when they go out to play the Leafs on Saturday night—and those games are always on television—they come out flying. They aren't going to look bad in front of all those people they know. Also, there are a lot of fans who don't care for the Leafs' organization, and when they come to the games they root for the visiting team. So, really, the Leafs don't have a home-town crowd at all; I know Bobby Hull and a few other guys have said they'd rather play the Leafs in Toronto than anyone else anywhere outside Chicago."

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## HOCKEY continued

"Then comes the toughest part. Say the Leafs lose Saturday night. On Sunday they're going to be on the road, in Chicago or New York or Boston, trying to get well. I think that whole situation up there has something to do with the conservative style Punch coaches."

By contrast, Chicago is noted for its freewheeling tactics. "If you'd given me my choice of teams to be traded to, it would have been Chicago," says Pappin. "I fit right into their style. I didn't have to start out under a lot of pressure, either. I'd look over to my left and there was Bobby Hull putting on his skates, and on my right Stan Mikita was pulling on his pads. Just by being with those guys I felt confident before I even stepped out on the ice."

Reay has teamed Pappin with Pat Martin, a digging, playmaking center, and robust Dennis Hull, who is a good two-way player. At first Bobby was supposed to play on a line with Martin and Pappin, but he has turned up on a line with Chico Maki and Eric Nesterenko. As a result, the Hawks now have three bristling lines. "It doesn't really make that much difference who Bobby plays with," says Reay. "He has the puck most of the time, anyway."

If anyone deserves the credit for landing Pappin, it is Reay. Coaching St. Louis. Marie in the Eastern Pro League nine years ago. Reay had been very much impressed by a big, strong right wing from Sudbury, Ont. "When you see a kid like that, you don't forget him—no matter who he's playing for," says Reay. "You just take his name and file it away somewhere. And if he ever becomes available, you grab him."

Still, there were several times during the past few years when Pappin seriously considered giving up hockey. He is a horse fancier, and summer usually found him on the backstretch at Woodbine or Fort Erie, cooling out horses and studying the trainers. After working for several years under Jerry Meyer, one of Canada's leading trainers, Pappin went so far as to apply to the Ontario Racing Commission for a trainer's license. After one memorable squabble with Imbach, Pappin exploded, "Why should I put up with him? Jerry earns close to \$100,000 a year, and who knows, one day I could be making the big money, too—with a lot less aggravation." But Pappin is a hockey player, and in Chicago he is a happy one.

END



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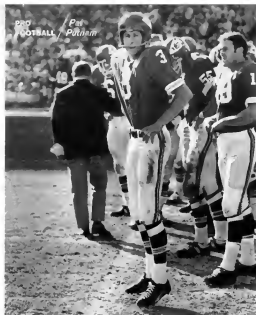
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Former ski jumper Jan Stenerud of the Kansas City Chiefs has become the best field-goal kicker in a sport he hardly understands

## Big kick out of a strange game

The higher education of Jan Stenerud, a ski jumper from Fettsund, Norway, began one fall afternoon in 1965 when Jan Sweeney, then the head coach at Montana State, held up a bloated object and said, "Son, this is a football." After a pause, Sweeney went on: "Now that tall fellow over there is called a quarterback and those big fat fellows are tackles, and that chalk line you are standing on is called the 50-yard line and, say, why don't you set the ball down and try and kick it way down there through those two skinny poles, which are called goalposts?" Down went the ball. *Thunk!* Up went the ball, up and away, through the two skinny poles called goalposts, out of sight. "What do you call that?" said Jan Stenerud. "Ah, never mind, son," said Sweeney. "No sense complicating this game. You

just trot into that building over there and have the man fit you to a suit. He'll show you how to put it on."

"It was kind of silly, really," remembers Stenerud, now the Kansas City Chiefs' field goal specialist. "One day I was in school on a ski scholarship, the next I was on the football team. And I didn't know anything about football. Nothing I had gone to a couple of games, but my girl [now Loni Stenerud] had to explain what was happening." He began to laugh. "In fact, it's still embarrassing. She's still explaining the game to me."

The discovery that the star ski jumper (three-time Big Sky champion) was a super football kicker was made, naturally enough, by Montana State's basketball coach, Roger Craft. Well, why not? And it came while Stenerud was running on the school track.

"The track surrounds the football practice field," said Stenerud. "I was out with some of the other skiers, getting my legs in shape for the season. Football practice hadn't yet started that afternoon and some of the players, most of them fellows I knew, were fooling around kicking field goals. After awhile they asked me to try. I did."

The first kick, with Stenerud using his toe as he had seen the others do, was a flop. And painful—he was wearing tennis shoes. Jokingly, he traded another—soccer-style—off his instep. As a high-school youngster in Norway, before accepting the ski-jumping scholarship to Montana State, he had been listed as one of the country's most promising young soccer players. "I've been kicking a ball since I was old enough to walk."

The second kick: *Thunk!* Forty yards and bull's-eye. And the third and the fourth. He dropped back to midfield, same thing. His last kick flew 60 yards, cleared the crossbar by five feet. "Well I'll be a..." said Craft, who had been watching from the bleachers. Ten minutes later he was telling Sweeney.

That was 60 field goals ago. Eighteen of them were for Montana State, the most spectacular of which was a 59-yarder, an NCAA small college record later broken by Bill Shear of Cortland State. But Stenerud set another college record which should stand forever: a 113-yard field goal try. "I was standing three feet deep in my own end zone," he said, his mouth curving into a small boy's grin. "The wind had been blowing hard all day and our punter was having trouble getting the ball back to the line of scrimmage. The coach thought I'd do better with my style of kicking. I'm sure no one in the stands actually thought I'd make it. But I did get the ball out to midfield. I remember it so well. I felt ridiculous."

The other 42 field goals—21 as a rookie last season—have been for the Chiefs, who surprised their rivals by drafting Stenerud as a future early in 1966. He had been listed as a senior the year before, but purposely left seven credits short of graduation in order to take another crack at this crazy game called football. His status then was the same as any five-year redshirt.

The story is that when Stenerud heard he had been drafted, he started looking on the map for Vietnam. Not so, he



says. "But I didn't know what a future was. I went to the coach and he explained it to me."

When the Chiefs were playing the Miami Dolphins at the end of the 1966 season, they invited Stenerud to Miami for a tryout. "Do you want to loosen your leg?" said Hank Stram, the Chiefs' burly little coach. Stenerud shrugged, boomed two through from the 40-yard line. "O K," he said. "I'm loose. What do you want me to do?" Fred Arbanas, the Kansas City tight end, had been watching. Now he hustled up to Stram. "If we don't sign this kid right now," said Arbanas, "we'll be making the biggest mistake of our lives." Stram sighed; there was a hitch. Atlanta had drafted Stenerud at the end of the season, and he had promised to talk with the Falcons before making a decision.

"But really," says Stenerud, "I had my mind made up five minutes after I talked to Stram. He really impressed me. He didn't just talk to me about signing, he talked about kicking. And he knew what he was talking about. Most coaches don't, or at least I don't think they do. I decided right then that he was the coach I wanted to play for, that he was a man who could help me."

As a half back at Purdue, Stram kicked a 22-yard field goal to beat Pat 10-7 in 1946.

"You can forget that," says Stram. "I didn't have one thing to do with developing Stenerud as a kicker. It's all his own natural ability."

"Phooey," says Stenerud, in Norwegian. "He brought me in a month early before my first season. Every day he had me out there kicking 50 balls—and he was doing all the holding. You think that didn't help?"

"Sure it helped," said Stram, grinning. "But it was me it helped, not Jan. I didn't know the first thing about a soccer-style kicker. Now how in the hell was I going to help him if he ever got in a slump if I didn't know what he was doing? That's why I got out there every day. I was the guy doing the learning. If you think he needed help, let me show you some charts."

Stram dug around inside the two huge files in his office, grumbled for a moment when the charts eluded his search, finally came up with the prize. They went something like this: "4-out of 5, 25-yard line, right hash mark; 5-5, 25, middle; 5-5, 25, left; 4-5, 40, right; 5-5, 40, mid-

continued



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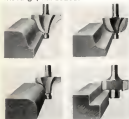


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### PRO FOOTBALL *continued*

dle, 5-5, 40, left; 4-5, 50, left; 4-5, 50, middle, 3-5, 50, right."

"How's that?" said Stram, jabbing a finger at the charts. "Here's another one: 92 out of 103. And look at this. 136 out of 153. How much help can you give a guy like that?"

"Plenty," Stenerud said later. "Did you notice that the charts showed I was missing mostly from the right hash mark? Well, I didn't know that until Stram pointed it out. He had me work from there, and now it's just like kicking from the middle or the left. He's always thinking. Like just before our first game against Houston this year. On our way there he had us stop off at Indiana State University. They have AstroTurf there and we worked out on it. I found that with regular spikes I couldn't kick a thing—they kept catching in the turf. When we got to Houston I got a special pair of shoes. It made a difference."

The difference was four field goals, with Kansas City winning 26-21. Since, Stenerud has kicked four against New York, two against Denver, two against Miami, four against Buffalo, two against Cincinnati, one against Oakland and two against San Diego. The Chiefs lead their division with a 7-1 record and he leads the American League scoring race with 83 points. With 21 field goals he is only seventh of both the AFL and NFL records, with six games yet to play.

During a game, Stenerud gives in to assorted superstitions. "It's really silly," he says. "The things I do, I'm even ashamed to tell my wife about it. Like snapping my helmet before a third-down play ends. But if I don't hear the click of the snap before the play ends, I get a horrible feeling that I may miss. Last year I made a point of touching the cleats of my kicking shoe a certain number of times before a kick. But I got rid of that one this year. I'd be better off to get rid of all those small and foolish things."

Coach Stram wouldn't want Stenerud to drop a single silly superstition. "Jan adds an exciting new dimension to our offense," says Stram. "Anytime we get to midfield we're a threat to score three points. He's already made two from 52 yards this season. I'm sure someday he'll make one from 60 yards—heck—65 yards away. There isn't a doubt in my mind that he's the greatest long-distance field-goal kicker who ever played the game."

END

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# There Are Problems when Man Plays God

BY GILBERT ROGIN

*The cahow, a bird that the Spaniards mistook for a devil and the English thought was silly, is a living—barely living—monument to man's effect on his environment. A Bermudian naturalist is attempting to save the cahow from its enemies and itself, while wondering if its fate is not the fate of all of us*

**I**n 1515, Gonzalo Fernandez d'Oviedo y Valdés, a Spanish courtier bound for San Domingo, attempted to land on Bermuda, but was frustrated by a "contrary wind." However, his sojourn was not misspent, while lying offshore he witnessed an edifying spectacle:

"I saw a strife and combat between these flying fishes," he wrote, "and the fishes named gilthead, and the fowles called sea mewes, and cormorants, which surely seemed unto me a thing of as great pleasure and solace as could be devised. While the gilthead swam on the brim of the water, and sometimes lifted their shoulders above the same, to raise the flying fishes out of the water to drive them to flight, and to follow them swimming to the place where they fall, to take and eat them suddenly. Againe, on the other side, the sea mewes and cormorants take many of these flying fishes, so that by this means they are neither safe in the aire, nor in the water. In the selfe same perill and danger do men live in this mortal life, wherein is no certaine securitie, neither in high estate, nor in lowe."

The instructive fowl which Oviedo observed from the rail of his ship is now known as the cahow, or Bermuda petrel. In 1515 it probably numbered more than a million. Today it is one of the rarest birds in the world, only 65 or

so being left, and Oviedo's moral could be drawn with equal force and relevance from its unfortunate fate.

The surviving cahows breed on five greatly eroded islets with a total area of three acres, which lie about the mouth of Castle Harhour at the east end of Bermuda. They arrive clamorously in mid-October and the last dithering chick departs in mid-June. The cahow is thought to summer upon the vast reaches of the North Atlantic, but no one able to identify the bird has ever seen a cahow off the breeding grounds.

Fossil remains dating back at least half a million years indicate that the cahow is the oldest surviving species of bird endemic to Bermuda, and when that uninhabited island was discovered by Juan Bermúdez in the first or second decade of the 16th century it was the most abundant bird as well: the remains of 30 cahows have been found in two cubic feet of talus, evidently victims of a cliff fall. Cahows make their nests at the ends of burrows which may be as long as 15 feet and have at least one turning so that light cannot penetrate—the birds are nocturnal and shun light on the breeding grounds.

Both the egg and flesh of the cahow are edible, and since it is in the habit of pottering about on the ground at night and, moreover, is utterly fearless of man and other

*continued*



*Guy S. Heleach*

mammals (Bermuda, like almost all oceanic islands, has no native mammals save for a few bats), it was virtually exterminated by 1630, presumably by droves of hogs, which the Spanish customarily put ashore "for increase," and by the English colonists who arrived in 1609.

The cahow was generally considered extinct up to the present century, and it would, in fact, have died out by about 2000 A.D. but for the solicitude of a remarkable young man named David Wingate. Wingate, who is 33, is Bermuda's conservation officer, the island's only resident ornithologist—of the 300 or so birds on the Bermuda checklist, more than 50 were first sighted by him—and the cahow's savior. For the past 10 years Wingate has devoted much of his life to keeping the cahow alive, spending innumerable sleepless nights in the field, but, as a friend has reminded him, if you're going to play God you have to keep God's hours. Not only is the cahow dependent upon Wingate; in a way Wingate is dependent upon the cahow, for the bird has given his life an ennobling purpose. "I can't afford to die," he said recently. "What would the cahows do?"

However, more is at stake here than the preservation of what the early English chroniclers called a "silly Bird." No sooner had Wingate laboriously built up the tiny colony than it was faced with a new and insidious threat: in recent years the cahow has become contaminated with residues of DDT and, as a likely result, its reproduction rate has been declining. If the decline continues at its present rate, reproduction will fail completely by 1978 regardless of what a thousand Wingates might achieve. The extirpation of this silly bird after its astonishing survival would be exceedingly poignant, yet in itself hardly calamitous to man. But Wingate correlates the cahow with the canary, whose death alerts miners to the presence of poisonous gases in the mine. Indeed, if man persists in wantonly degrading his environment, he may well find himself in "the selfe same perill and danger."

The cahow is one of about 75 species of petrels, all of which are pelagic, coming ashore only to breed. (Petrel is probably derived from Peter; some petrels appear to walk on the water, a feat attributed to the disciple.) The most familiar is Wilson's petrel, or Mother Carey's chicken, a dainty little bird which is inclined to follow ships far at sea and is reputedly the most populous sea bird in the world. The cahow is roughly the size of a pigeon, but has a wingspread of 35 inches. Its scientific name is *Pterodroma cahow*; *Pterodroma* is Greek for rapid wing, and cahow (which rhymes with allow) is a phonetic approximation of the call the bird makes in its aerial courtship.

To a degree, the cahow's awful call note—most often heard on the dark and windy nights it favors for wooing—

determined that England rather than Spain colonized Bermuda. The Spanish believed that Bermuda was inhabited by demons and they avoided it. One of the earliest mentions of the cahow is by a fearful Spaniard, Captain Diego Ramirez, whose galleon was driven ashore by a storm in 1603:

"The headlands are undermined at water level with the haunts of nocturnal birds, which remain in their caves by day, but come out at night to feed on fish, especially on squid of which there are great numbers. These birds sally forth . . . with such an outcry, and varying clamor, that one cannot help being afraid, until one realizes the reason. . . . The first night that I anchored in the bay, I sent a small boat to an inlet to look for water, but none was found. At dusk, such a shrieking and din filled the air that fear seized us. Only one variety of bird makes this noise, but the concerted yell is terrible. . . . One seaman said to me: what is this devil trying to tell me? Out with it! Let's hear what it is! I replied: a la! These are the devils reported to be about Bermuda. The sign of the cross at them! We are Christians!"

Another early account of the cahow was written by William Strachey, the secretary-elect for Virginia, who was bound there on the *Sea Venture* when she was wrecked in a storm off Bermuda in 1609:

"A kind of webbe-footed Fowle there is which in the darkest nights of November and December . . . would come forth, but not flye farre from home, and hovering in the ayre, and over the Sea, made a strange hollow and harsh howling. They call it of the cry which it maketh, a cahow. . . . Our men found a prettie way to take them, which was by standing on the Rockes or Sands by the Sea-side, and hollowing, laughing, and making the strangest outcry that possibly they could; with the noyse whereof the Birds would come flocking to that place, and settle upon the very armes and head of him that so cried, and still creepe neerer and neerer, answering the noyse themselves; by which our men would weigh them with their hand, and which weighed heaviest they took for the best and let the others alone. . . ."

In 1615 Bermuda suffered a famine. To ease it, 150 of the 500 settlers were sent to Cooper's Island in Castle Harbour, now joined to the mainland and the site of several U.S. installations, notably Kindley Air Force Base and an Apollo tracking station, "ther to be relieved," Governor Nathaniel Butler wrote, "by the cominge in of the sea-birds, especially the Cahowes . . . monstrous was it to see, how greedily everything was swallowed downe; how incredible to speake, how many dozen of those poore silly creatures . . . wer tumbled downe into their bottomlesse mawes: wherupon . . . followed a generall surfetinge, much sicknesse, and many of their deaths."

A year or two later Governor Daniel Tucker published a proclamation "against the spoyle and havock of the cahowes, and other birds, which already wer almost all of

them killed and scared away very improvidently by fire, digging, stonings, and all kinds of murderings." However, as Butler added, the edict was "overlate." A few years afterward the cahow was presumed extinct.

In the 1840s one J. L. Hurdiss was assured by several natives that the cahow still existed, and he made a rather feeble and unsuccessful attempt to obtain a specimen. Another 19th century figure, John Tavenier Bartram, fared better. Bartram was a retired soldier with "a meagre education and a liking for everything natural," who settled in Bermuda and was a fairly prosperous farmer before he began exhibiting "degenerative" tendencies: he rarely if ever went to church, separated from his wife and, after she died, took a colored woman as a common-law wife and withdrew from society. Bartram's customary attire was a long dressing gown, and the central portion of his long beard "was carefully plaited in three and brought to a point." Bartram was intrigued by the cahow, and, like others before and since, he confused it with Audubon's shearwater, or the pimlico, which it resembles. To complicate things further, he believed there was yet a third species, the Christmas bird; in fact, this was the true cahow.

"I have spent a good deal of time in striving to clear up the misty hanging over the cahow, the Christmas bird . . . and the Pimlico," Bartram wrote in his journal, "but up to this day 2nd November 1862 all remains as much in the dark as it was before I commenced."

However, that same year, on one of the Castle Harbour islands, Bartram found "buried in the sand, dead and pretty well dried up a bird not before known to breed on those islands. [This] bird was evidently killed whilst sitting on its nest by the falling in of sand and rocks from the top of the hole, was this bird a stragler come here by accident, or do they breed here year after year, I have never heard of them. . . ." Unknown to Bartram, this specimen was a cahow and it, or conceivably another he obtained, was discovered by Wingate in 1953 in a Hamilton antique store that had acquired the remainder of Bartram's collection.

Despite Bartram's muddled evidence to the contrary, the cahow was still regarded as extinct, or persistently confused with the pimlico or the Manx shearwater. In 1902 A. E. Verrill went even farther astray. Not only did he avow that the cahow was extinct, he believed it may have been related to the auks. One of Verrill's arguments against the cahow's being a petrel was that it was edible. Of

course, no one has eaten a cahow in more than 300 years, so it would be hard to say if it would appeal to modern tastes. However, Wingate recently dined on black-capped petrel, which breeds on Hispaniola and is the cahow's closest relative. "There was nothing unpleasant about it," he reports, "but my Haitian guide spiced the damn thing so much I couldn't tell what was the bird and what wasn't."

In 1906 a live cahow was collected on Castle Island by Louis L. Mowbray, but was identified as a Peale's petrel (*Aestrelata gularis*), a New Zealand species. In 1916 Mowbray had second thoughts, and he and John T. Nichols renamed the bird *Aestrelata cahow*. The same year R. W. Shufeldt appeared in print with a description of yet another new species, whose relics he had found on Bermuda, and which he called *Aestrelata vociferans*, identifying it as the "extinct cahow." In 1922 A. C. Bent hazarded that the Mowbray bird and the Shufeldt relic were of the same species and wondered if "there may not be a few specimens still living." Astonishingly enough, no one attempted to find out.

In 1935 a fledgling female, unmistakably a cahow, struck St. David's Light, close to Cooper's Island, and was obtained by William Beebe, who was then living on Non-such Island, where he had organized his bathysphere descent, but again no thorough search was made. The next specimen was collected in 1945 by Fred T. Hall, who found a badly mauled bird washed ashore on Cooper's Island. Finally, in 1951, an expedition headed by Robert Cushman Murphy and including the 16-year-old Wingate discovered several nesting sites, one of which was occupied. "With a noose at the end of a pole we presently succeeded in hauling out the bird," Murphy wrote. "It was the hoped-for but only half-anticipated cahow. . . . Our exciting captive bit the hands that grasped it, but only briefly and halfheartedly. Within a moment it became completely nonresistant, allowing itself to be stroked, tickled and passed from hand to hand."

Murphy's expedition located seven nesting pairs on two islets. Since searches of the larger and more accessible islets turned up only mingled rat and cahow bones, Murphy believed that rats were limiting the cahow population. For this reason, the first step toward protecting the bird was to eliminate the rats by trapping and poisoning them. (This didn't endanger the cahows, as seabirds never feed on land.) However, it soon became obvious that the rats had had little effect. Improbably, the real villain was the

continued



The cahow makes its nest on islets such as this off Bermuda.

## WHEN MAN PLAYS GOD

*continued*

white-tailed tropic bird, or longtail, as it is called in Bermuda, a handsome seabird a little larger than a cahow, which nests there in substantial numbers.

The diurnal longtail returning to breed in mid-March, shortly after the cahow chicks hatched, entered the cahow burrows while the adults were feeding at sea and kicked and worried the helpless chicks to death. Thus, in 1951, all four known cahow chicks were killed, their corpses found in a litter of bones representing generations of baby chicks. It appeared, therefore, that the only reason the cahow had survived at all was that it was nocturnal and the longtail diurnal, so they rarely met. By the time a pair of longtails was staying overnight to incubate their egg, the cahows, having lost their chick, would have abandoned the burrow. Because cahows are longer-lived than longtails, they had a slight chance of rearing a chick if, for some reason, a pair of longtails didn't occupy the nest in any one year.

Although this might explain how the cahow survived the last 300-odd years, it doesn't account for its former abundance. The reason is that in prehistoric times the cahow and the longtail bred in separate ecological niches, the cahow inland where it could tunnel into soily hillsides, the longtail in natural holes and crevices in rocky coastal cliffs. Although overlap occurred and thousands of cahow chicks perished in the marginal zones, the slaughter had a negligible effect on the total population. However, by the time Bermuda was colonized the hogs had eliminated the cahows from their natural habitat, and they were confined to the offshore islands. Since virtually every island with soil cover has been inhabited by man at one time or another in Bermuda's history, the cahow's breeding grounds have been reduced to the smallest and the least accessible and desirable islets where there is insufficient soil for burrowing and where the cahow has come more and more into competition with the longtail. Man has long since abandoned many of the preferable islands, but the cahow is semicolonial, has a strong homing instinct and stubbornly persists in returning to the handful of rocky islets.

When the longtail's role was understood, it was proposed that all the longtails which frequented the two islets

should be shot, and a number of them were. But it soon became apparent that the massacre of hundreds of longtails for the sake of a rather drab bird which was never seen was unjustifiable. So from 1952 to 1955 three naturalists attempted to scare off any longtails which sought to enter cahow nests. This proved impracticable and the cahow chicks continued to be killed.

In 1954 Richard Thorsell, a graduate student, came up with an ingenious solution—a baffle. Taking advantage of the fact that the longtail is slightly larger than the cahow, Thorsell placed an artificial wooden or stone entranceway before each cahow burrow, just big enough for a cahow to squeeze through but too small for a longtail.

The baffle notwithstanding, the cahow population remained static until Wingate took over the program upon graduation from Cornell in 1957. It was soon obvious to him that the baffles weren't working properly. The difference in size between the cahow and the longtail is minute and the baffles hadn't been made to precisely the right dimensions. In the spring of 1958 Wingate spent six weeks living in a hut on one of the islets, sleeping days and working nights, gradually reducing the size of the holes in order to condition the cahows to enter ones which they had previously balked at.

A further problem now arose; at times, no matter how small Wingate made the entranceway, a longtail would push itself through. Providentially, he soon discovered that the longtails which could not be dissuaded were those which had previously nested in that particular site; these Wingate has had to kill. Whenever a cahow pair nests in a burrow he knows to have been previously inhabited by longtails, Wingate goes out at dawn two weeks before the longtails are due back and plugs up the burrow, returning at sunset to unplug it. He follows this procedure until the presence of footprints in the sand outside the burrow tells him that the longtails have returned. The following morning he places the plug partway down the tunnel, waits a number of yards off, and when a longtail enters, reaches in, grabs it and drowns it. He has to repeat this procedure the following morning because if he doesn't kill both birds, the survivor will remate and the new pair will attempt to

*continued*



*The nest of a man-made cahow burrow has a removable lid.*



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enter the burrow. As a result, from 1961 on no cahow chicks have succumbed to longtails.

In the long run, however, buffers are impractical, principally because they have to be checked daily throughout the breeding season: a twig or pebble lodged in the entrance by a cahow can forestall entry. (One of Wingate's recurring dreams is that cahows are nesting in a building on Nonsuch, but all the doors and windows are shut so the adults can't get in to feed the chicks.) But at times high seas make it impossible to land on (or leave) the cahow islets, which have no harbors. Wingate was once marooned without food for three days when a storm arose.

Because chick mortality had been virtually 100% in the seven known nest sites up to 1958, Wingate suspected that there had to be a number of undiscovered burrows not subject to longtail competition; otherwise the cahow simply couldn't have survived. By 1960 he had found 11 more nests on three additional islets. (The reason they remained undiscovered was that the cahow's habits were not fully known; starting about December 1st the birds leave the breeding grounds for six weeks, returning only at the moment the females are ready to lay, and the early searches had been made during this exodus period.) Fortunately, the rocks on these islets are so riddled that the cahows, who seek their nests on foot, were able to find holes that longtails, which search entirely on the wing, had overlooked. Even so, four of the newly found nests were subject to entry by longtails.

In an attempt to solve the buffer maintenance problem, Wingate decided to reverse the historic chain of events which forced the cahow to compete with the longtail. He built artificial burrows near the crowns of the islets, where there is vegetation and a bit of soil, although not enough to enable the cahows to dig. The burrows are lined with cement, and the nest chambers have removable lids to facilitate observation. To date Wingate has made 14 burrows, of which five are occupied. None has a buffer and none has been entered by longtails.

It was Wingate's dream to build up the cahow population until a natural overflow was created, and the birds would move to neighboring islets more closely resembling their ancestral habitat—like Nonsuch, which he estimates could support 25,000 pairs. To hasten the emigration, he had planned to record their call and play it back on the slopes of Nonsuch. Then, as he somewhat facetiously proposed, the program could have been put on a paying basis by selling surplus cahows to hotels for gourmet dishes.

But although the breeding population has gradually increased to its present level of 22 pairs, the pairs that have raised chicks have declined during the past decade from more than 60% to 25%. In the beginning Wingate attributed this to senility and inbreeding, but the adults faithfully incubated the eggs and cared for the chicks, which would be unlikely with senile birds; even more significantly, no deformed chicks were observed, and if senility

or inbreeding were a factor it should be declining with the burgeoning population, the formation of new, vigorous pairs and an expanding gene pool.

The dwindling production of young may be due in part to a reduction in the percentage of pairs laying an egg, but the primary cause is undoubtedly the failure of eggs to hatch. In particular, there has been a growing mortality of chick embryos either in the egg or at hatching.

In 1966 these phenomena had become so prevalent that they ranked in significance with the earlier mortality from longtails. The record of one breeding islet which supported six pairs in 1967 is typical; of five fertile eggs laid, no less than three failed to produce young. One chick died within a day after hatching and the other two while pipping the egg. In general, this mortality has been random, affecting different pairs in different years. However, a few of the oldest pairs with an earlier record of breeding success have failed consistently since 1961.

Wingate was prompted to examine the possibility of pesticide residues in the cahow by the extreme similarity of its plight to that of certain birds of prey, where the correlation between pesticide residues and reduced hatching success has been convincingly demonstrated.

At first glance it seemed inconceivable that the cahows could have become contaminated with DDT. Pesticides are used on Bermuda, but the cahow islets have never been treated, the birds spend most of their time underground and they feed far at sea. However, in recent years it has become evident that DDT is present in most of the world's animals, including birds and seals whose entire lives are spent in the Antarctic. Man is not immune: for example, Americans average 11 parts per million (ppm) of DDT in their fatty tissue. An organism doesn't have to be sprayed with DDT to become contaminated. DDT is dispersed over the globe by wind and water in much the same manner as radioactive debris. When DDT is sprayed aerially only about half may reach the ground; the rest is dispersed in the air, where it may circle the globe in a few weeks. Oceanic currents distribute it too. Because DDT has a low solubility in water and a high solubility in fatty tissue, it becomes concentrated in marine organisms, which also act as carriers.

DDT residues are very persistent chemicals, sometimes retaining their toxicity for decades. Due to their solubility they accumulate in food chains and reach their highest concentration in the final link. Some carnivorous birds carry residues at a concentration more than a million times greater than their environment. In a Long Island marsh sprayed with DDT for 20 years for mosquito control, the plankton contained 0.04 ppm, small fish 0.25 to 1 ppm, larger fish nearly 2 ppm and cormorants and mergansers about 25 ppm.

The cahow is the terminal carnivore of a five-stage food chain consisting of phytoplankton, zooplankton, small fish and squid. As Wingate and Dr. Charles F. Wurster, assistant professor of biological sciences at the State Uni-

continued

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versity of New York in Stony Brook, pointed out in a recent issue of *Science*, the cahow feeds exclusively in the open ocean and is therefore "an ideal environmental monitor for detection of insecticide contamination as a general oceanic pollutant, rather than contamination resulting directly from treatment of a specific land area."

In March 1967 Wurster analyzed two unhatched cahow eggs and three dead chicks and found DDT residues averaging 6.4 ppm. Although this coincidence in itself does not establish a causal relationship, there are convincing parallels to other birds. Ospreys normally produce 2.2 to 2.5 chicks per nest, but a Maryland colony with residues of 3.0 ppm in its eggs yielded 1.1 young per nest, and a Connecticut colony containing 5.1 ppm produced only 0.5 offspring. (This colony declined from 200 pairs in 1938 to 12 pairs in 1965.) In Britain breeding success in five species of birds of prey with residues averaging 5.2 ppm in their eggs has declined, while in five crow-like species, which are mainly herbivorous, residues averaged 0.9 ppm and reproduction has been unaffected. Moreover, in the last decade peregrine falcons have ceased to breed in the eastern U.S. and the bald eagle, whose eggs contain an average of 10.6 ppm, may suffer a similar fate.

In the cahow, as well as in other birds, chick mortality is greatest just before or immediately after hatching, a phenomenon that has been reproduced experimentally by feeding sublethal diets of DDT to bobwhites and pheasants. This probably occurs because the DDT residues in the mother are passed into the yolk. When the embryo absorbs the yolk, the DDT enters its system, and the older it gets the more poison it assimilates—thus the highest concentration occurs when the yolk is fully absorbed around the time of hatching.

DDT is a nerve poison. Its presence in the vicinity of a nerve causes hyperactivity, resulting in restlessness and eventually tremors and death. DDT also operates on at least one other mechanism—it can cause the liver to break down sex hormones, including the female sex hormone estrogen, which in birds affects maternal behavior as well as calcium metabolism. When this estrogen breakdown is induced, brooding behavior may be changed, leading to abnormalities such as egg eating. Records kept since the 1890s show that eggshells have had a consistent thickness and weight through the years. However, beginning in the late 1940s and coincidental with the introduction of DDT, many species of carnivorous birds have laid eggs with shells as much as 25% lighter than the norm. These are prone to breakage and loss of water, and apparently contribute to chick mortality.

The only real solution to the DDT problem is discontinuing its use. There are alternative pesticides that are less persistent and just as effective. Better yet is the use of procedures that control *only* the pest species population. DDT isn't a pesticide—it is a biocide in that it will kill all animal life if present in sufficient quantities. Ironically,

the insects for which it is intended can afford the terrific mortality rate since they reproduce rapidly and through natural selection develop resistant strains that require ever-greater dosages to kill.

No one knows how DDT will eventually affect life on earth. The cahow story, when correlated with other evidence, suggests it may be disastrous to carnivorous birds. The mortality of salmon and trout fry from DDT in Lake Michigan and Lake George could soon be repeated in the ocean, if it isn't already happening. Pacific hake, mackerel and tuna have been found to contain 0.2 to 2.0 ppm, higher concentrations than those in fish of many lakes with heavily treated farmland in their watersheds. Organisms at the bottom of the food chain are also susceptible. Thirty-nine percent of a batch of brine shrimp were killed within three weeks by a concentration of one part per trillion—the equivalent of 1/1,000th of a drop in a tank car lot. A few parts per billion in water can decrease photosynthesis in certain phytoplankton. These algae are the indispensable base of marine food chains and are responsible for more than half the world's photosynthesis. Says Wurster: "Interference with this process could have profound worldwide biological implications."

Fortunately mammals are better equipped than other vertebrates to break down and eliminate DDT, but Wingate suggests that even in infinitesimal amounts it may be having a subtle effect on man. "The long-range effects of hormonal imbalance may be graver than we suspect," he said recently. "Human behavior could be altered by DDT and, although it may seem farfetched, perhaps some of our social problems might be influenced by our contamination with DDT. After all, society is a delicate thing and the slightest change may throw it out of balance. While we don't have all the answers yet, we do know enough to stop using it now." Otherwise, as Governor Butler wrote, it may be "overlate."

Last June I spent four nights reclining on a down mattress on one of the cahow islets in the hope of seeing a chick depart. Wingate lay on a mattress beside me. These mattresses we had lugged ashore and carried on our heads up the lee cliff and across the crown of the islet. On the fourth night I remarked that in a better world than this one of us would be a girl. Wingate replied that he used to have the best line in Bermuda during College Week: Would you like to see my cahows? "Of course," he added, "then they found out I really wanted to watch the damn birds."

David Rakombe Wingate, the ruddy, strapping second son of a Scottish civil servant who emigrated to Bermuda in 1924, has two ruling passions: birds and what he is fond of calling "primeval Bermuda." This was not always the case. "Originally, I was curious about bugs and spi-

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## WHEN MAN PLAYS GOD

continued

ders," he said one night during our vigil on the islet. "Then I went through a period of egg-collecting. Between 10 and 12 I had an enormous phase in astronomy, which was replaced by an overriding interest in birds. I knew all the wood warblers before I was 12. It was worth your life to be considered a bird watcher as a teen-ager. It was not until I got to Cornell that I found there were others in the world as oddball as myself."

There is nothing Wingate would rather do than sit in his Boston Whaler at evening, on the edge of the deep, and watch shearwaters vooring past, migrating from Tristan da Cunha to the Newfoundland Banks—it is a spectacle that greatly moves him. He has, however, contempt for the variety of bird watchers known as dickeybirders. "They're the most irritating creatures on earth," he said. "They've no ecological understanding. With them it's just like collecting stamps. I used to take dickeybirders out to see the cahows. Once they saw one they couldn't wait to get back to the hotel. Their sole enjoyment was in seeing a bird someone else hadn't. In fact, having seen it they'd much prefer it if the cahow became extinct."

"Every creature I've seen I regard as an individual and a character, and in each I've seen something of myself and therefore gained a better understanding of myself. For example, the cahows have taught me a little bit about the function of married life, the intimacy of the pair bond, the parents' faithfulness to the chick. This is being very anthropomorphic, but since all life springs from a common ancestor, I believe anthropomorphism is justifiable. Oftentimes I've lain out on this cold, barren rock, a bit sex-starved myself, and been jealous of them snug in the nest. Silly little things! They seem to have such a determination to survive! I can't picture a cahow saying, 'I'm determined to survive, I'm determined to survive,' but it's there instinctually. This applies equally to man. As much as man consciously appreciates and argues his mission in life, so much of this is decided by instinct. It begins to make you realize that you're part of the animal kingdom. How similar the cahows are to us! Our roots link us ir-

revocably with the rest of the kingdom. Man must live in balance with it. He cannot shake himself loose from it. It controls his destiny. All observations force this impression on me. We must retain a humility toward nature."

"I feel that I am morally right in trying to save the cahow, but it is a duty—not a penance. Although man is guilty of destroying the cahow he shouldn't blame himself for it. If I were an early colonist I'd have done the same. The birds walked into their huts at night, even right into the hearth fires. No wonder they thought they were gifts from God! Modern man is arrogant, he has a blatant assumption that he can control nature, his own destiny, turn everything to his own advantage. He doesn't see the locomotive roaring up behind him which will smash him to smithereens. Consider the land crabs. They're a bit of a pain in the neck. They spoil my lawn, girdle my trees. People say, 'That's no problem, it's easy to get rid of them.' Sure, it's easy, but by destroying land crabs how am I throwing everything else out of balance? That's why I admit I'm defeated by land crabs."

"I have tremendous pride in Bermuda's heritage, which has been largely shattered. There's a grave danger if we destroy too much of our heritage we'll lose perspective on where we're going. Then we'll be like hippies—very insecure people. We've got to have roots in the past, I think."

In fact, Wingate feels so strongly about primeval Bermuda that until recently he wouldn't permit his family to keep naturalized animals such as dogs and cats as pets. "We had pet skinks instead," he said. The skink (*Emmets lugubris*) is Bermuda's only endemic terrestrial reptile. "Skinks make rather good pets," Wingate said. "When you're eating lunch, they'll come up and hute your toe and ask, 'Where's my lunch?' And if you start feeding them tuna fish and hamburger, they'll scorn bread crumbs." However, one fateful day a stray cat turned up at the Wingates, and the children, Janet, 7, and Karen, 5, wouldn't give it up. "There's something about a cat that satisfies a child's need that a skink doesn't," Wingate admitted. "But I have one piece of pride left, I won't let the cat on Nonsuch."

Nonsuch, the largest of the Castle Harbour group, is where the Wingates summer and is the site of what he terms the Living Museum. Wingate is trying to re-create the primeval environment on Nonsuch by reintroducing the original native plants and animals that have been extirpated, and by eliminating the naturalized plants, mice, lizards, toads, whistling frogs, etc. In the past six years he has planted 4,000 trees, all in their proper niches and properly mixed and spaced. Among Wingate's plantings are a number of yellowwoods, which, rather like the cahow, were presumed to have vanished from Bermuda, having been heavily logged in the 17th century. However, 15 specimens endure on a remote hillside. Wingate planted a yellowwood seedling in Nonsuch's tiny cemetery. "I'd like to be buried under one," he says. "It's a great honor to be contributing to the growth of



A cahow exercises by burrow equipped with wooden buffer.

the yellowwood. Anybody can be good for something."

On the first night of our watch on the cahow islet it was clear and the moon rose early so the chick we were observing only got as far as the mouth of his burrow. The next night he emerged before moonrise, walked about exercising his wings periodically and was once briefly airborne. The sensation seemed to unsettle him and he folded his wings and sat looking out to sea as though moonstruck. This, Wingate explained, is a characteristic quiescent period when the bird ostensibly studies the stars and, as it were, sets his chronometer. "This, of course, is sheer speculation," he added. After a bit the bird went back in his hole. "Chicken," Wingate muttered.

On the third night the wind was in excess of 20 mph and Wingate predicted that the chick would not dare take off, indeed, he spent the greater part of two hours wandering uncertainly around trying to find a lee area where he could exercise without being buffeted, wildly flapping his wings so a gust wouldn't carry him off. As is the case with all cahow chicks, he faced inland while exercising.

On the fourth night Wingate began to fret when the chick hadn't appeared on schedule. "If he doesn't go tonight," he said, "I'm going to put an alarm clock in his burrow." Next Wingate was worried that the chick had left before we got there, he had been delayed at a dinner party and it was already dark by the time we arrived at the islet. "I'll give him until 10:15," he said. "If he hasn't come out by then, I'm going to see if he's still there." The burrow we had under observation was one Wingate had dug, what he calls his "government housing," and when the deadline passed, he got up, removed several flat stones which camouflaged the lid, picked it up and shone his flashlight in the nest chamber. The chick stirred. "It's just Wingate," he said softly. "Go back to sleep."

"They sleep very soundly," he explained, returning to his mattress. "I don't impose myself on their life history. I try not to touch them. I just hover over them in case they need help, like a fairy godmother or a mother with a teen-age daughter. I protect them from circumstantial fate. I have a feeling that they know it now."

We lay on a gradual slope on the windward side of the islet, which was covered with native plants—sea lavender, coast sophora, scurvy grass, seaside purslane. Nearby, the cliff dropped 25 feet to the ocean, where the surf dully boomed, its spray wetting us. The only other sound was the faint chirping of the native cricket. It was a curious setting—except for being further eroded by land crabs, wind and water, the islet was exactly as it was in the 17th century, yet only a mile off was the Apollo tracking station, its great dish antennas, transmitters and receivers brightly lit. Occasionally the headlights of a car pulling up at the transmitters would nearly blind us. Too, planes and helicopters would from time to time pass overhead or suddenly a series of flares would slowly descend to the ocean for a practice capsule recovery.

All five cahow islets are bird sanctuaries and no one is permitted ashore except in Wingate's company (oddly enough, three of the islets are under U.S. jurisdiction, and the Secretary of the Air Force has declared them off limits. However, it was necessary to erect masts on the islets as reference points to determine whether the radar dishes are settling on their foundations. The original design called for thin poles supported by guy wires. Since the wires would have been nearly invisible at night and therefore hazardous to the cahows, Wingate negotiated, as he has rather grandly said, "with Goliath on behalf of the cahows." The masts were redesigned and are now made of thick pipe painted white. Wingate was also assured that the masts wouldn't be erected in his absence. Fortunately he had the presence of mind to stick close to the workmen when they were looking for likely sites. On one islet they found a good spot, a natural cavity formed by two cahow burrows. If Wingate hadn't been on hand 8% of the world's breeding population would have been sealed in cement. Wingate helped find another location, but he still didn't trust the workmen. "I had to sit down and watch them dig that bloody, four-foot-square hole," he said. On another occasion some boys lit a campfire in a cave containing two cahows. "If I hadn't spotted it the embers could have burned the cahows' feet that night," Wingate said. "It was a real shocker. I contacted the AP's and they tightened up security."

Wingate tries to observe the departure of each cahow chick. "It gives me a feeling of success," he said. "Another year got through." On the average, a chick spends seven nights exercising before he takes off, his parents have long since left so he has nothing to eat during that period. The final night ashore is usually distinguished by violent preening and intension movements in which he vigorously bows his head in the direction of the sea. The chick generally seeks a prominence from which to take off, and when he finally goes, he shoots straight up like a helicopter. One reason may be that he doesn't know his flying capacity and is overdoing it. Another may be that rapidly gained altitude is a safety factor, when the cahow lived inland a chick would have to get up about 40 feet to clear the cedar forest.

"There are hesitant chicks and cocksure chicks," Wingate said. The first chick he ever observed was by far the most irresolute. "He had been without food for nearly a month," Wingate said. "I stayed up four full nights, huddling under a blanket. I didn't know they normally only come out once a night or that it was unnecessary to conceal myself. The fourth night it was obvious that the chick was starving. He was desperate. Finally, he shrugged his shoulders, jumped off the cliff and fell 35 feet into the sea. I went and got my boat and paddled it around. The chick

continued

was bobbing on the surface, drinking a lot of water and preening. It must have been dehydrated. He paddled in circles and then did the instinctive thing and headed seaward. As he approached the outer surf line you could hear the thunder and there was a lot of phosphorescence. There was only one way through the reef, but I figured he knew the right thing to do and would find the opening, which he did without hesitation, and I paddled after him. He was now out in the deeper ocean. The swells would cast shadows and I'd lose him. I was so tired I kept dozing off. Finally there was an extra deep swell and he just vanished. He may have taken off. He may have been swallowed by a shark. He had swum two and a half miles in two hours. It was probably a good thing he disappeared. Otherwise, I'd still be following him."

On several occasions Wingate has felt obliged to do more than hover. "In 1962 a chick fell 25 feet down the cliff and forgot all about flying," he said. "He tried to climb back up all night long. He would get up to 12 feet and then fall down again. Finally, at dawn, he became agitated and began looking for a place to hide. I picked him up and took him home to Nonsuch and put him in a dresser drawer, where he slept all day. If the crows had found him they would have pecked his eyes out. The next day I made an artificial burrow for him—a box with a hole. I could have put him back in his burrow, but I used the incident as an excuse to take him to Nonsuch, where it was more convenient to watch him depart and to which he might even return. He came out to exercise at the normal time with the same old indecision, then went back in the box. By the third night I was fed up. I picked him up and put him on my hand, moved it up and down very slowly and then suddenly let it drop so that he found himself hanging in midair. He shot up to 100 feet and flew off to sea."

"This year I had a chick living on an islet where there's a good deal of prickly pear. I cleared a lot of the cactus off and laid an old sleeping bag down as a take-off ramp. One night the chick pattered awkwardly off in a new direction, so I thought I better have a look at him. One of his eyes was closed and it appeared to me that it had been punctured by a prickly pear spine. I stuffed him in a brown paper bag, took him home and put him in the dresser drawer. He made such a fuss, I had to let him out. He walked around the floor all night and I couldn't sleep. Pitter, patter, pitter, pitter. He even tried to climb the skirting board. It was no use sleeping, so at 5 a.m. I took him out on the ocean. He flew into the water, splashed around, drank, preened, he was delighted. His eye was fine—he had probably just got a bit of dirt in it. When I restarted the engine, he leapt out of the water, flew up to 100 feet and headed away to the southeast."

"Up to now," Wingate said, "I thought the cahow, in its glorious isolation, had a better chance than anything to survive. It is as if the natural habitat of the whooping crane had been Central Park. The cahow requires so very

little land, it's not asking much—a few rocks man has no need for. And it is as safe on the ocean as any creature, while the crane must traverse a perilous continent. There's a lot in the cahow's favor. Chances of finding it on the ocean are infinitesimal. The islets are secure, the logistical problem is lacking. Even if a person came to look for a cahow he probably wouldn't find one. And it all has been done through the efforts of one individual. There was no need to make it a luxury project with a big staff; money's needed more vitally elsewhere. Of course, there ought to be a standby if I fall over a cliff or get swept out to sea or if my wife Anita and I want to go on holiday. I had an offer to go to the Bahamas and work with millions of seabirds. How could I leave the cahows?"

"Then it suddenly changed from a situation where further effort was irrelevant to one where an international agreement is necessary. A farmer spraying crops in Nebraska is involved in the cahow's survival. Now my only hope is that the tragic plight of this rare bird will have some propaganda effect, that it will make man fully aware of the extreme gravity of the problem: if he can save the cahow, he can save himself."

As if on cue, our chick emerged from his burrow and could be dimly seen poking around in the dark. When he exercised there were flashes of white from the underwings. He walked onto Wingate's mattress and nibbled on his fingers. Then he went over to sit by some sea lavender. The night had become overcast and the rising moon and the lights from the tracking station illuminated the cloud cover so that it formed a light backdrop against which the cahow was silhouetted. Suddenly he left. With a great noisy beating of his wings, he rose vertically. At about 40 feet he was blown inland by the wind. Then he regained control, leveled off and disappeared to sea.

He almost certainly will not return to land for at least two years and probably will not alight for three or four. Two Februaries hence he will come back and hang around for about a month, mingling with the flock in the air. Perhaps the following October he will seek a nest site, and the year after that he will mate, vociferously chasing his partner in paired flight.

How extraordinary it is that the cahow can find its way home! Bermuda is a speck in a nearly featureless ocean. The winds thereabouts are changeable. The October heavens are different from those of June. Although certain migratory birds undeniably make far longer flights, they are guided by landmarks of one sort or another.

"He was a very calm chick," Wingate said meditatively. "Unruffled. He was a confident bird." We heaved the mattresses onto our heads and plodded across the islet. "You know," Wingate added after a bit, "I once had a vision of the future. The islets were gone, eroded away by geological processes, but the cahows still returned, nesting in artificial burrows fastened to pipes that someone had stuck in the ocean."

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<b>TRACK &amp; FIELD</b> <i>Olympic record</i>				<b>TRIPLE JUMP</b> 55 ft 1 1/2 in	SANIEV U.S.S.R. 57 ft 1/2 in *	PREDENCO Brazil 56 ft 8 in *	GENTILE Italy 56 ft 8 in *
<b>100 METERS</b> 10.0	HINES U.S.A. 9.9*	MILLER Jamaica 10.0	GRUENE U.S.A. 10.0	<b>POLE VAULT</b> 16 ft 8 1/2 in	SEAGER U.S.A. 17 ft 8 1/2 in *	SCHIPROWSKI West Germany 17 ft 8 1/2 in *	NORDING East Germany 17 ft 8 1/2 in *
<b>200 METERS</b> 20.1	SMITH U.S.A. 19.8*	NORMAN Australia 20.0	CARLOS U.S.A. 20.0	<b>SHOTPUT</b> 66 ft 4 1/2 in	WATSON U.S.A. 67 ft 4 1/2 in	WIGGS U.S.S.R. 66 ft 1/2 in	OLSHCHIN U.S.S.R. 65 ft 1 1/2 in
<b>400-M. RELAY</b> 3:00.7	U.S.A. 3:00.7*	CUBA 3:00.7*	FRANCE 3:00.7*	<b>HAMMER</b> 238 ft 1 1/2 in	ZSIVOTZKY Hungary 240 ft 8 in.	KLIM U.S.S.R. 240 ft 5 in	LOWASZ Hungary 238 ft 1 1/2 in
<b>400 METERS</b> 44.9	EVANS U.S.A. 43.8*	JAMES U.S.A. 43.8*	FREEMAN U.S.A. 44.0*	<b>DISCUS</b> 200 ft 1 1/2 in	OEHTER U.S.A. 212 ft 6 1/2 in.	NEILO East Germany 208 ft 1 1/2 in	GRNEX Czechoslovakia 208 ft 5 in
<b>1,600-M. RELAY</b> 3:00.7	U.S.A. 3:00.7*	KENYA 3:00.7*	WEST GERMANY 3:00.5	<b>JAVELIN</b> 281 ft 2 1/2 in	LUDS U.S.S.R. 283 ft 7 1/2 in	KIRKHORN East Germany 280 ft 7 1/2 in	KILCSAR Hungary 281 ft 7 1/2 in
<b>800 METERS</b> 1:45.1	DOUBELL Australia 1:44.3	KIPKUDUT Kenya 1:44.3	FARRELL U.S.A. 1:45.4	<b>DECATHLON</b> 8,000 points	TOOMEY U.S.A. 8,393	WALDE West Germany 8,313	REINHOLD West Germany 8,304
<b>1,500 METERS</b> 3:35.6	KEINO Kenya 3:34.9	BYUN U.S.A. 3:35.8	TUMMLER West Germany 3:36.0	<b>20 KM. WALK</b> 1:29:34.0	COLUMBICHT U.S.S.R. 1:32:58.4	PEDRAJA Mexico 1:34:00.0	SHAGA U.S.S.R. 1:34:03.4
<b>5,000 METERS</b> 13:39.6	SAMMUDDI Tunisia 14:05.0	KEINO Kenya 14:05.2	TERNO Kenya 14:08.4	<b>50-KM. WALK</b> 4:11:12.4	HORNE East Germany 4:20:12.6	KISS Hungary 4:20:17.0	YOUNG U.S.A. 4:21:35.4
<b>10,000 METERS</b> 28:34.4	TERNO Kenya 29:27.4	WOLDE Ethiopia 29:38.0	SAMMUDDI Tunisia 29:34.2	<b>Women</b>			
<b>MARATHON</b> 2:15:11.7	WOLDE Ethiopia 2:20:29.4	KIMIHARA Japan 2:22:51.0	RYAN New Zealand 2:22:45.0	<b>100 METERS</b> 11.2	TYRES U.S.A. 11.0*	FERRILL U.S.A. 11.1	SZEWINSKA Poland 11.1
<b>STEEPLECHASE</b> 8:30.8	BINWITT Kenya 8:51.0	KOGO Kenya 8:51.6	YOUNG U.S.A. 8:51.8	<b>200 METERS</b> 23.0	SZEWINSKA Poland 22.5*	BOYLE Australia 22.7	LAMY Australia 22.8
<b>110-M. HURDLES</b> 17.5	DAVENPORT U.S.A. 17.3	HALL U.S.A. 17.4	BITTOZ Italy 17.4	<b>400-M. RELAY</b> 43.6	U.S.A. 42.8*	CUBA 43.7*	U.S.S.R. 42.8*
<b>400-M. HURDLES</b> 49.3	HENRIE West Britain 49.3*	HENRIE East Germany 49.0*	SHAWWOOD Great Britain 49.0*	<b>400 METERS</b> 52.0	BESSON France 52.0	BOARD East Britain 52.1	PECHENIKINA U.S.S.R. 52.2
<b>HIGH JUMP</b> 7 ft 1 1/2 in	FOSBURY U.S.A. 7 ft 4 1/2 in.	CARWITHERS U.S.A. 7 ft 2 1/2 in.	GAVRILOV U.S.S.R. 7 ft 2 1/2 in.	<b>800 METERS</b> 2:01.3	MANNING U.S.A. 2:00.9*	SILAI Romania 2:02.5	EDMERS Romania 2:02.6
<b>LONG JUMP</b> 26 ft 7 1/2 in	BEAMON U.S.A. 26 ft 7 1/2 in *	BEER East Germany 26 ft 3 1/2 in	BOSTON U.S.A. 26 ft 3 1/2 in.	<b>80-M. HURDLES</b> 10.5	CARD Australia 10.3	KALBERN Australia 10.4	CHENG Taiwan 10.4

\*Better than world record



EVANS



LURIE



DAVENPORT



SZEWINSKA



DOUBELL



TEMU

# AT THE OLYMPICS 1968

EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE	EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
<b>HIGH JUMP</b> 6 ft 2 3/4 in	REKROVA Czechoslovakia 5 ft 11 1/2 in	ORDROVA U.S.S.R. 5 ft 11 in	KOTYB U.S.S.R. 5 ft 11 in	<b>200 M BACKSTROKE</b> 2:10.2	MATHES East Germany 2:09.6	IWEY U.S.A. 2:10.6	NORSELY U.S.A. 2:10.9
<b>LONG JUMP</b> 22 ft 2 3/4 in	VISOPOLEANU Romania 22 ft 4 1/2 in *	SHERWOOD Great Britain 21 ft 11 in	TALYSHEVA U.S.S.R. 20 ft 10 1/2 in	<b>200 M INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY</b> (new event)	NICKCOX U.S.A. 2:12.0	BUCKINGHAM U.S.A. 2:13.0	FERRIS U.S.A. 2:13.3
<b>SHOTPUT</b> 50 ft 6 in	GUMMEL East Germany 64 ft 4 in *	LANGE East Germany 63 ft 7 1/2 in *	CHLENOW U.S.S.R. 59 ft 9 1/2 in	<b>400 M INDIVIDUAL MIDLEY</b> 4:45.4	NICKCOX U.S.A. 4:46.4	HALL U.S.A. 4:46.7	WELTHAUS West Germany 4:51.4
<b>DISCUS</b> 187 ft 10 1/2 in	MAJLIS Romania 191 ft 2 1/2 in	WESTERBACH West Germany 189 ft 6 in	KORTSER Hungary 180 ft 1 1/2 in	<b>400 M FREESTYLE RELAY</b> 3:32.2	U.S.A. 3:32.3	U.S.S.R. 3:34.2	AUSTRALIA 3:34.7
<b>JAVELIN</b> 198 ft 7 1/2 in	NEIMETH Hungary 195 ft 9 1/2 in	PENIS Romania 190 ft 3 in	JAKO Austria 186 ft 5 in	<b>800 M FREESTYLE RELAY</b> 7:12.2	U.S.A. 7:12.3	AUSTRALIA 7:12.7	U.S.S.R. 7:15.6
<b>PENTATHLON</b> 5,240 points	BECKER West Germany 7,950 points	FRANCO Austria 4,950 points	KOVACS Hungary 4,950 points	<b>400 M MIDLLEY RELAY</b> 3:38.4	U.S.A. 3:34.9	EAST GERMANY 3:37.3	U.S.S.R. 4:00.7
<b>SWIMMING</b>				<b>SPRINGBOARD DIVE</b>	WRIGHTSON, U.S.A.	OHIBASHI Italy	HENRY U.S.A.
<b>100 M FREESTYLE</b> 1:12.4	WENGER Austria 1:12.7	WALSH U.S.A. 1:12.8	SPITZ U.S.A. 1:12.8	<b>PLATFORM DIVE</b>	OHIBASHI Italy	GARCIA Mexico	YOUNG U.S.A.
<b>200 M FREESTYLE</b> (new event)	WENGER Austria 1:55.2	SCHWILANDER U.S.A. 1:57.8	NILSON U.S.A. 1:58.1	<b>Women</b>			
<b>400 M FREESTYLE</b> 4:12.2	BURTON U.S.A. 4:09.0	HUTTON Canada 4:11.7	MOSCOVI France 4:13.3	<b>100 M FREESTYLE</b> 1:00.1	HEINE U.S.A. 1:00.0	PIORSEN U.S.A. 1:00.2	GUSTAFSON U.S.A. 1:00.3
<b>1,500 M FREESTYLE</b> 17:01.7	BURTON U.S.A. 16:58.9	KINSELLA U.S.A. 16:57.3	BROUGH Austria 17:04.7	<b>200 M FREESTYLE</b> (new event)	MEYER U.S.A. 2:03.3	HEINE U.S.A. 2:03.0	BARSHAN U.S.A. 2:03.2
<b>100 M BREASTSTROKE</b> (new event)	MCKENZIE U.S.A. 1:17.7	KOSINSKY U.S.S.R. 1:18.0	PAWUN U.S.S.R. 1:18.0	<b>400 M FREESTYLE</b> 4:41.3	MEYER U.S.A. 4:31.8	GUSTAFSON U.S.A. 4:31.5	NORAS Austria 4:37.0
<b>200 M BREASTSTROKE</b> 2:27.4	WENGE Mexico 2:28.7	KOSINSKY U.S.S.R. 2:28.2	JOB U.S.A. 2:29.9	<b>800 M FREESTYLE</b> (new event)	MEYER U.S.A. 9:24.0	KRUSE U.S.A. 9:21.7	BAMIREZ Mexico 9:26.3
<b>500 M BUTTERFLY</b> (new event)	RUSSELL U.S.A. 5:15.9	SPITZ U.S.A. 5:16.4	WALSH U.S.A. 5:17.2	<b>100 M BREASTSTROKE</b> (new event)	BLEDOW Yugoslavia 1:13.8	PROJUMEN SACHIKOVA U.S.S.R. 1:13.9	WICHMAN U.S.A. 1:16.7
<b>200 M BUTTERFLY</b> 2:08.6	ROBE U.S.A. 2:09.7	WOODBOFFE Great Britain 2:09.0	FERRIS U.S.A. 2:09.2	<b>200 M BREASTSTROKE</b> 2:48.4	WICHMAN U.S.A. 2:48.4	BLEDOW Yugoslavia 2:48.4	PROJUMEN SACHIKOVA U.S.S.R. 2:47.0
<b>100 M BACKSTROKE</b> 1:07.9	MATTHEE East Germany 1:07.9	HICKCOX U.S.A. 1:08.2	WILLS U.S.A. 1:08.3	<b>100 M BUTTERFLY</b> 1:04.7	WILKINSON Australia 1:05.5	DANIEL U.S.A. 1:05.8	SHIELDS U.S.A. 1:06.2
				<b>200 M BUTTERFLY</b> (new event)	KOK Netherlands 2:24.9	LINONER East Germany 2:24.9	DANIEL U.S.A. 2:25.9
				<b>100 M BACKSTROKE</b> 1:07.7	HALL U.S.A. 1:06.2	TANNER Canada 1:06.7	SWAGGERY U.S.A. 1:06.3
				<b>200 M BACKSTROKE</b> (new event)	WATSON U.S.A. 2:24.8	TANNER Canada 2:27.4	HALL U.S.A. 2:28.9



HOWARD



BLEDOW



MCKENZIE



REKROVA



MATHES



BURTON



EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE	EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
<b>SWIMMING</b> <i>(continued)</i>							
200-M. INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY <i>(new event)</i>	KOLB U.S.A. 2:24.7	PIERSEN U.S.A. 2:28.9	HEINE U.S.A. 2:37.4	KAYAK FOURS	NORWAY	ROMANIA	HUNGARY
400-M. INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY 5:18.7	KOLB U.S.A. 5:04.5	VIGILI U.S.A. 5:22.2	STEINBACH East Germany 5:25.2	CANADIAN SINGLES	TAFAI Hungary	LEWE West Germany	GAREN U.S.S.R.
400-M. FREESTYLE RELAY 4:03.8	U.S.A. 4:02.5	EAST GERMANY 4:03.7	CANADA 4:07.2	CANADIAN PAIRS	ROMANIA	HUNGARY	U.S.S.R.
400-M. MEDLEY RELAY 4:33.9	U.S.A. 4:30.2*	AUSTRALIA 4:30.0	WEST GERMANY 4:36.4	<b>Women</b>			
SPRINGSBOARD DIVE	GOSLICK U.S.A.	PODOLNYA U.S.S.R.	D. SHILKIN U.S.A.	KAYAK SINGLES	FINAYEVA U.S.S.R.	BRUTER West Germany	SUMITRU Romania
PLATFORM DIVE	CHICHKOVA Czechoslovakia	LOBANOVA U.S.S.R.	PETERSON U.S.A.	KAYAK PAIRS	WEST GERMANY	HUNGARY	U.S.S.R.
<b>BASKETBALL</b>	U.S.A.	YUGOSLAVIA	U.S.S.R.	<b>CYCLING</b>			
<b>BOXING</b>				1,000-M. TIME TRIAL	TRENTIN France	FREDBORG Denmark	KIERKENDORF Poland
LIGHT FLYWEIGHT	RODRIGUEZ Venezuela	JEE South Korea	SHAWLEY, U.S.A. SHALTYPCZAK Poland	SCRATCH SPRINT	MORELON France	TURBINI Italy	TRENTIN France
FLYWEIGHT	DELGADO Mexico	GLECH Poland	OLIVEIRA, Brazil FRANCO Uganda	TANDEM SPRINT	FRANCE	NETHERLANDS	BELGIUM
BANTAMWEIGHT	SOMOLOV, U.S.S.R.	MURWANGA Uganda	MORICIA, Japan CHANG South Korea	TEAM PURSUIT	DENMARK		ITALY
FEATHERWEIGHT	ROLDAN Mexico	ROBINSON U.S.A.	IBELLING, Kenya MICHAELOV Bulgaria	INDIVIDUAL PURSUIT	REBILLARD France	JENSEN Denmark	KOBEMANN Switzerland
LIGHTWEIGHT	HARRIS U.S.A.	GRUDZEN Poland	CUTOV, Romania YOSIN, Yugoslavia	ROAD RACE, INDIVIDUAL	VIANELLI Italy	MORTENSEN Denmark	PETERSSON Sweden
LIGHT WELTERWEIGHT	ROLE Poland	REQUERDOS Cuba	NILSSON, Finland WALLINGTON, U.S.A.	ROAD RACE, TEAM	NETHERLANDS	SWEDEN	ITALY
WELTERWEIGHT	WOLFE East Germany	BESSALA Cameroon	MISALIMOV, U.S.S.R. GILLIOTT, Arg.	<b>EQUESTRIAN</b>			
LIGHT MIDDLEWEIGHT	LADSEIN U.S.S.R.	GARNEY Cuba	BALEWIR, U.S.A. MEIER, West Germany	THREE-DAY	GUION France	ALLHUSSEN Great Britain	PAGE U.S.A.
MIDDLEWEIGHT	FINNEGAN Great Britain	NISELEY U.S.S.R.	JONES, U.S.A. ZARAGOZA, Mexico	THREE-DAY TEAM	GREAT BRITAIN	U.S.A.	AUSTRALIA
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	PODOLNYA U.S.S.R.	NOONE Romania	STANKOV Bulgaria ORAGAN, Poland	DRESSAGE	RIZIMOV U.S.S.R.	NECKERMANN West Germany	KLIMKE West Germany
HEAVYWEIGHT	FOREMAN U.S.S.R.	CHERPUKOV U.S.S.R.	BAMBINI, Italy ROGNA, Mexico	DRESSAGE TEAM	WEST GERMANY	U.S.S.R.	SWITZERLAND
<b>CANOEING</b>				GRAND PRIX JUMP	STEINBAUS U.S.A.	COAKES Great Britain	EPDMORE Great Britain
KAYAK SINGLES	HESE Hungary	SHAPARENKO U.S.S.R.	HANSEN Denmark	GRAND PRIX JUMP, TEAM	CANADA	FRANCE	WEST GERMANY
KAYAK PAIRS	U.S.S.R.	HUNGARY	AUSTRIA	<b>FENCING</b>			
				FOIL	GRIMBA Romania	KAMUTI Hungary	REVENU France
				FOIL TEAM	FRANCE	U.S.S.R.	POLAND
				ÉPÉE	KULEGAR Hungary	WISS U.S.S.R.	SACCANO Italy
				ÉPÉE TEAM	HUNGARY	U.S.S.R.	POLAND



KOLB



REBILLARD



GOSLICK



VIANELLI



CHICHKOVA



STEINBAUS

EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE	EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
SABER	PAWLOWSKI Poland	BARITA U.S.S.R.	PIZSA Hungary	ROWING			
SABER TEAM	U.S.S.R.	ITALY	HUNGARY	SINGLE SCULLS	WIENESE Netherlands	WEISSNER West Germany	OLIMODI Argentina
<b>Women</b>				DOUBLE SCULLS	U.S.S.R.	NETHERLANDS	U.S.A.
FOIL	NOVIKOVA U.S.S.R.	ROLDAN Mexico	RETO Hungary	PAIRS	EAST GERMANY	U.S.A.	DENMARK
FOIL TEAM	U.S.S.R.	HUNGARY	ROMANIA	CODDED PAIRS	ITALY	NETHERLANDS	DENMARK
FIELD HOCKEY	PAKISTAN	AUSTRALIA	INDIA	FOURS	EAST GERMANY	HUNGARY	ITALY
GYMNASTICS				CODDED FOURS	NEW ZEALAND	EAST GERMANY	SWITZERLAND
TEAM	JAPAN	U.S.S.R.	EAST GERMANY	EIGHTS	WEST GERMANY	AUSTRALIA	U.S.S.R.
ALL-AROUND	S. KATO Japan	VORONIN U.S.S.R.	NAKANAKA Japan	SHOOTING			
HORIZONTAL BAR	VORONIN U.S.S.R. NAKANAKA Japan	VORONIN U.S.S.R.	KIYOMOTO Japan	FREE RIFLE	ANDERSON U.S.A.	KORNEV U.S.S.R.	MULLER Switzerland
PARALLEL BARS	NAKANAKA Japan	VORONIN U.S.S.R.	KIYOMOTO U.S.S.R.	SMALL BORE, THREE-POSITION	KLINER West Germany	WINTER U.S.A.	PARKINOVICH U.S.S.R.
SIDE HORSE	CEGAR Yugoslavia	LARIN Finland	VORONIN U.S.S.R.	SMALL BORE, PRONE	KURIA Czechoslovakia	NAMMERL Hungary	BALLINGER New Zealand
FLYING RINGS	NAKANAKA Japan	VORONIN U.S.S.R.	S. KATO Japan	FREE PISTOL	KOSYKH U.S.S.R.	WERTEL East Germany	VOLLMAR East Germany
LONG HORSE VAULT	VORONIN U.S.S.R.	ERGO Japan	SIMONOV U.S.S.R.	RAPID FIRE PISTOL	ZAPLETZKI Poland	ROSCA Romania	SOLEIMAN U.S.S.R.
FREE-STANDING	S. KATO Japan	NAKANAKA Japan	S. KATO Japan	TRAP	BRATTHWAITE Great Britain	GARRIGUS U.S.A.	CEKHALA East Germany
<b>Women</b>				SKEET	PERFON U.S.S.R.	GARAGNANI Italy	WERNIGER West Germany
TEAM	U.S.S.R.	CZECHOSLOVAKIA	EAST GERMANY	SOCCER	HUNGARY	BULGARIA	JAPAN
ALL-AROUND	CASLAVSKA Czechoslovakia	VORONINA U.S.S.R.	KUCHINSKAYA U.S.S.R.	VOLLEYBALL	U.S.S.R.	JAPAN	CZECHOSLOVAKIA
UNEVEN PARALLEL BARS	CASLAVSKA Czechoslovakia	JARIN East Germany	VORONINA U.S.S.R.	<b>Women</b>	U.S.S.R.	JAPAN	POLAND
LONG HORSE VAULT	CASLAVSKA Czechoslovakia	ZACHOLD East Germany	VORONINA U.S.S.R.	WATER POLO	YUGOSLAVIA	U.S.S.R.	HUNGARY
BALANCE BEAM	KUCHINSKAYA U.S.S.R.	CASLAVSKA Czechoslovakia	PERFON U.S.S.R.	WEIGHT LIFTING			
FREE-STANDING	CASLAVSKA Czechoslovakia PETRIK U.S.S.R.		KUCHINSKAYA U.S.S.R.	BANTAMWEIGHT	NASSIRI Iran	FOLDI Hungary	TREBUCKI Poland
<b>MODERN PENTATHLON</b>				FEATHERWEIGHT	NOYARI Japan	SHANQZHI U.S.S.R.	NIYAKI Japan
INDIVIDUAL	PERM Sweden	BALCZO Hungary	LEDBY U.S.S.R.	LIGHTWEIGHT	RASDAROWSKI Poland	JALAYER Iran	ZELENSKI Poland
TEAM	HUNGARY	U.S.S.R.	FRANCE				



NOVIKOVA



PERM



RASDAROWSKI



CASLAVSKA



ANDERSON



S. KATO



EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE	EVENT	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE
<b>WEIGHT LIFTING</b> <i>continued</i>							
MIDDLEWEIGHT	KIRENTSOV U.S.S.R.	OHSEKI Japan	BANDS Hungary	<b>Greco-Roman</b>			
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	SILITSKY U.S.S.R.	BELYAYEV U.S.S.R.	GOIMER Poland	FLYWEIGHT	KIROV Bulgaria	BARUEIN U.S.S.R.	DEPRAN Czechoslovakia
MIDDLE HEAVYWEIGHT	KAYSASHIEMI Finland	TALTS U.S.S.R.	GOJAR Poland	BANTAMWEIGHT	VARGA Hungary	BAGDI Romania	KOCHERGIN U.S.S.R.
HEAVYWEIGHT	ZHABOTINSKY U.S.S.R.	REIJNG Belgium	CUMI U.S.A.	FEATHERWEIGHT	BARDA U.S.S.R.	FUJIMOTO Japan	POPESCU Romania
<b>WRESTLING</b>				LIGHTWEIGHT	MINGHARA Japan	KORVAJ Yugoslavia	GALAKTOPOULOS Greece
<b>Freestyle</b>				WELTERWEIGHT	VESPER East Germany	ROBIN France	BAJNO Hungary
FLYWEIGHT	NARATA Japan	SANDERS U.S.A.	SUKHBAATAR Mongolia	MIDDLEWEIGHT	MEIZ East Germany	OLENIK - U.S.S.R.	SIMIC Yugoslavia
BANTAMWEIGHT	UTAKE Japan	BEHM U.S.A.	GORGOL Iran	LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	RADEV Bulgaria	YAKOVENKO U.S.S.R.	WARTINESCU Romania
FEATHERWEIGHT	KANERO Japan	TOGOROV Bulgaria	ABADY Iran	HEAVYWEIGHT	KOZMA Hungary	ROSOHN U.S.S.R.	KMERI Czechoslovakia
LIGHTWEIGHT	MOVANED Iran	VALTCHEV Bulgaria	DANZANDARAA Mongolia	<b>YACHTING</b>			
WELTERWEIGHT	ATALAY Turkey	ROBIN France	PUREV Mongolia	5.5 METER	SWEDEN	SWITZERLAND	GREAT BRITAIN
MIDDLEWEIGHT	GURWITON U.S.S.R.	IIJID Mongolia	GARDIYEV Mongolia	DRAGON	U.S.A.	DENMARK	EAST GERMANY
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	ATIK Turkey	LONDORE U.S.S.R.	CSATARI Hungary	STAR	U.S.A.	NORWAY	ITALY
HEAVYWEIGHT	BELOVED U.S.S.R.	GOURLAYEV Bulgaria	SHETRICH West Germany	FLYING DUTCHMAN	GREAT BRITAIN	WEST GERMANY	BRAZIL
				FINN MONOTYPE	U.S.S.R.	AUSTRIA	ITALY

## WHERE THE MEDALS WENT

NATION	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE	TOTAL	NATION	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE	TOTAL
U.S.A.	45	28	34	107	SWEDEN	2	1	1	4
U.S.S.R.	29	32	30	91	FINLAND	1	2	1	4
HUNGARY	10	10	12	32	CUBA	0	4	0	4
JAPAN	11	7	7	25	AUSTRIA	0	2	2	4
EAST GERMANY	9	9	7	25	MONGOLIA	0	1	3	4
WEST GERMANY	5	10	10	25	NEW ZEALAND	1	0	2	3
POLAND	5	2	11	18	BRAZIL	0	1	2	3
AUSTRALIA	5	7	5	17	TURKEY	2	0	0	2
ITALY	3	4	9	16	ETHIOPIA	1	1	0	2
FRANCE	7	3	5	15	NORWAY	1	1	0	2
ROMANIA	4	5	5	15	TUNISIA	1	0	1	2
CZECHOSLOVAKIA	7	2	4	13	BELGIUM	0	1	1	2
GREAT BRITAIN	5	5	3	13	SOUTH KOREA	0	1	2	3
KENYA	3	4	2	9	ARGENTINA	0	0	2	2
MEXICO	3	3	3	9	UGANDA	0	1	1	2
BULGARIA	2	4	3	9	PAKISTAN	1	0	0	1
YUGOSLAVIA	3	3	2	8	VENEZUELA	1	0	0	1
DENMARK	1	4	3	8	CAMEROON	0	1	0	1
NETHERLANDS	3	3	1	7	GREECE	0	0	1	1
IRAN	2	1	2	5	INDIA	0	0	1	1
CANADA	1	3	1	5	JAMAICA	0	1	0	1
SWITZERLAND	0	1	4	5	TAIWAN	0	0	1	1

The 12 moving parts that couldn't fit into a Bulova calendar.

**The Bulova Calendar Girls.**

When we took the calendar off your wall and put it on your wrist, there wasn't any room for a calendar girl.

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## BLACK BOX

Sirs,

After seeing the telecast of the medal presentation to Tommie Smith and John Carlos and hearing the reading of the statement by the U.S. Olympic Committee, I feel compelled to comment on both.

The apology issued by the U.S. Olympic Committee offends me as being both unnecessary and hypocritical. The greatness of the Olympic Games is a result of the individual's effort and performance, two qualities for which the country he represents should accept neither credit nor discredit. The nonathletic performance of each individual participant is as much his own style as that which he practices in the arena, and it is like-wise a quality which his home nation need not feel compelled to justify or condemn. The Olympics, thank God, are primarily based on a communion of individuals, not a confrontation of nations. It is especially galling that this committee, which speaks of manners and good will, is the very one that stands alone in the highly discourteous practice of not lowering its flag during the opening ceremonies of each Olympiad.

This rapid and condemnatory reaction of the Olympic Committee will in all probability be followed by an equally swift and adverse judgment by many persons in this country. It is doubly tragic that most of this abuse will come not because Smith and Carlos deviated but because they happen to be black.

Yet both were obviously dedicated and serious men who still thought enough of America and her ability for self-improvement to retract their physical comments to a point perfectly balanced between effectiveness and appropriateness.

Basically, I am writing this because I was tremendously impressed by the sincerity, cogency and actual poetry of Smith's explanation of his conception of the deed. It was far more impressive than all the gold-medal performances of the evening. I, as a white man, am very proud that the name of America in the eyes of the world has been linked to black men of the moral and physical temper of Tommie Smith and John Carlos.

ROBERT F. MEENAN

Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs,

About the Carlos episode. How would it have looked if two winning athletes, upon receiving their awards, unfurled a banner which read "Vote for Nixon" (or Humphrey or Wallace)? As Mr. Ed Ferry said in his letter printed in the Oct. 21 issue, "Sport and schmapps, yes; politics, no."

GENE TETTERBAUM

New York City

Sirs,

I vehemently reject the apology offered on my behalf as an American by the U.S. Olympic Committee. I feel that Tommie Smith and John Carlos acted with restraint and dignity to dramatize the existing conditions of the black man in the United States. When a black man wins a gold medal in Mexico City he is known not as a black American but simply as an American. But when that black American raises one bit of protest against the system, he ceases being that gold-medal-winning American and returns to being the slave he has been for over 300 years.

Men like Smith and Carlos are to be commended, not reprimanded, for their actions. For these reasons I request that both of these athletes be immediately reinstated to their rightful places on our Olympic team.

T. WHITCOMB STANLEY III

Nashua, N.H.

## HIGH TIME

Sirs,

To see the world's best-conditioned athletes being carried from the poolside and track as an endless array of stretcher cases during the Olympics is senseless. We can only hope no permanent damage will result to anyone as a result of the "altitude bends." The International Olympic Committee must bear complete responsibility for selecting a site without regard to its high altitude.

To make such a mistake the first time is human, to make such a mistake a second time will be downright criminal.

THOMAS W. SHANE, M.D.

Pittsford, Pa.

## UNPREDICTABLE

Sirs,

Now that the Olympic track and field events are over, it is quite interesting to compare the results with *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* forecast (Sept. 30).

In the men's events you picked 12 winners out of 12 and named 57% of the medal winners though not necessarily in the exact place they finished. This seems like a very good performance.

But now we come to the ladies, where only three out of 12 winners were tagged and a mere 39% of the medalists listed. For shame! It appears *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has the same problem as the rest of us when it comes to predicting what to expect from the faster sex.

GEORGE HASKELL

Painesville, Ohio

● In swimming, women proved less fickle than in track and field, and in the women's swimming events *SI* picked eight

out of the 16 winners with 67% of all those we listed winning a medal—ED

## FULL HOUSES

Sirs,

After reading Frank Deford's article, *The Changing Game*, in the Oct. 21 issue of *SI*, I felt that I should let him know he is a genius. He has devised the only conceivable plan for saving basketball, or baseball for that matter.

Down here in North Carolina basketball is the greatest thing since Pepsi-Cola. With colleges such as Duke, Carolina, Davidson, N.C. State and Wake Forest, it is not hard to figure out why I attend every Carolina game and there is always a packed house. Whether we play Kentucky or Kent State, it makes no difference. We also have to share the Tar Heels with Greensboro and Charlotte, who also manage to fill their respective arenas.

If college basketball can do this much money making, just think what *Wilt* and "The Big O" would do to the Old North State.

STEVE BARDEN

Chapel Hill, N.C.

## TIGERS' REVENGE

Sirs,

Well, the Detroit Tigers did beat the St. Louis Cardinals in this year's World Series, but you'd never guess it if you picked up the Oct. 21 issue of *SI*. Granted Mark Mulvey's article (*Homers over the Razmatazz*) was written extremely well, and gave credit to the Tigers and the Cards for an exciting Series. But why no color-photo layout, as in the previous week's feature on the Series? This year's concluding episode in the sport that is called our national pastime deserved much more extensive coverage than it received. The series was spectacular, but the same cannot be said for *SI's* coverage of it.

BILL BATTY

New Bedford, Mass.

Sirs,

I would like to compliment you on your brilliant coverage of the sixth and seventh games of the World Series. Who else except *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* could have covered the sixth game with one sentence and then not even mention the final score of game seven? Could it be that your staff is for the birds?

BOR KOENIG

Farmington, Mich.

Sirs,

After the Oct. 7 cover story of the Cardinals and the Oct. 14 story about how the

continued

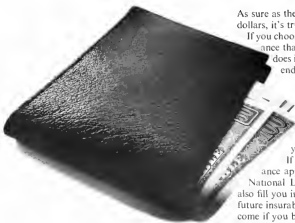
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### 18TH HOLE *continued*

Tigers were seeing too much red we were anxiously awaiting the story and pictures of how the Tigers bounced back to win the Series.

Twenty-three years we've wanted and what credit does SPORTS ILLUSTRATED give the world's best baseball team? Two lousy pages and a couple of black-and-white pictures.

It's our guess that you already had the pictures and story of how the Cards captured two straight World Championships.

You blew it.

BOB, ALAN & LES

Lufing, Mich

### NO COMPENSATION

Sirs,

Your scouting report on the ABA (Oct 21) was extremely interesting to me, especially because former Eastern Professional Basketball League players Frank Card, Larry Jones and Willie Somerset were mentioned as potentially among the top players in the ABA.

There are quite a few other former Eastern League players with ABA teams and in most cases owners of the Eastern League teams were not compensated for players lost to the ABA.

The NBA teams, on the other hand, pay for all players they receive from Eastern League teams. Inasmuch as we are essentially a weekend league, we have a policy of not preventing outstanding players from advancing to major leagues. We do believe, however, that the ABA method of obtaining players from our league is extremely unethical, if not illegal.

The ABA will never be truly a major league, in my opinion, until it begins to conduct itself like one. Ask George Mikan about the former Eastern League players who are stars in the ABA and how their services were acquired. An honest answer could result in a more interesting story than your one-page scouting report.

RAY SALT

Hazleton, Pa

### NOMINATIONS

Sirs,

We second H. C. Brown's nomination of the Boston Celtics' Bill Russell as Sportsman of the Year for 1968 (19TH HOLE, Oct. 14). The comeback performance of Russell and the Celtics in the 1968 NBA playoffs was incomparable. Jerry West of the Lakers put it best when he said, "They can talk about individual players in any sport, but I tell you what, when it comes to winning, there is no one like him. Some of these guys in other sports, in baseball and football, I know they're great, but in comparison . . . I play this game, and I know. What has this man won? Ten championships in 12 years. Has there ever been anyone like him?" Is there any greater tribute in sport than the simple

*continued*



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### 19TH HOLE *continued*

one of being a winner? Is there? This guy here is the greatest of them all."

Need we say more?

KEITH E. LANGLEY  
STEPHEN M. ROLFE

Haverford, Pa.

Sirs:

I can really sympathize with your editorial board when it comes to choosing this year's Sportsman of the Year.

With such greats as Bill Russell in basketball, Jean-Claude Killy in skiing, Bob Gibson and Denny McLain in baseball, as yet undetermined greats in football, and possible multiple gold-medal winners in the Olympics, you sure are going to have problems picking The Sportsman.

The only thing you can be sure of is that most of your readers are not going to agree with you.

JAY ERSTEIN, M.D.

Lawton, Okla.

Sirs:

I wish you would give Sportsman of the Year honors to the late Jim Clark, because even death had to wait for him to win his 25th Grand Prix victory.

RICHARD CARPENTER

Eric, Pa.

### RETURN TO EL PASO

Sirs:

Perhaps you would be interested to know about the continuing work of the Disassociated Students Fund here at U.T. El Paso.

The response for contributions from your readers, from concerned El Pasos, from people all over the nation has been very generous. How grateful we are. And how good to know that so many share our point of view; that is, the necessity of an education for these young men. More than \$5,000 has come in so far—enough for tuition, books and emergency aid for the former athletes for the academic year 1968-69 and for the 1969 summer session.

We hope to continue the fund for at least three years for this reason. Of the 11 athletes who were disassociated from the university track team, eight have returned. Three are seniors, two are juniors and three are sophomores. There is a further possibility that one more of the young men will resume his studies next semester or next fall. Thus you can see the need of continued effort on our part. We want to provide help until all have graduated.

Although individual thank-you notes have been sent to all contributors, I should like to express again my thanks to you and to your readers. It is satisfying to all of us who have worked with these young men to see them back in their classes again.

PAULINE KISKA

El Paso

# How the Class Struggle Reached Left Field

A specter was haunting big-league baseball, the specter of . . . no one was quite sure what. It sometimes acted like a union, but its solidarity, failing short of forever, lasted for one season by LEONARD SHECTER

Salaries were getting out of hand. Chris von der Ahe, president of the St. Louis Browns, returned from a survey in the East, and he was shocked. "The Brooklyn club," he said, "will pay Caruthers \$5,000, Lovett \$4,000, Foutz \$3,500, Pinckney \$3,000. In the year just past I paid out \$50,000 for salaries alone. A club can stand such a drain and salaries must come down no matter what the consequences."

This was in the fall of 1888, and by the time spring blossomed in the land baseball had figured out what to do. Under the guiding hand of the tight-lipped John T. Brush, owner of the Indianapolis club, a Classification Plan had been introduced. Under this plan players were classified as to "habits, earnestness and special qualifications" and would be paid according to their classification thus:

- A \$2,500
- B 2,250
- C 2,000
- D 1,750
- E 1,500

The Classification Plan was designed not only to reduce salaries but to act as a check on the off-the-field behavior of the players. In those days, when baseball players were men with mustaches rather than clean-shaven business executives, they sometimes would go out of an evening and tear up a saloon or a bawdy house. Owners of ball clubs thought this was bad for the image of baseball—although it must be admitted the word "image" had not yet been uttered in this context. Also, irate saloonkeepers and madams were coming around to club owners and demanding they pay damages. In the future any player guilty of such practices would find himself lower down in the classification. If he didn't like it he could go back to the pig farm. It was an ingenious system, and in the

year 1889 it worked perfectly—except for one thing. The Classification Plan so infuriated the ballplayers that they went off and formed their own league. In the process they came very close to destroying the National League.

The players used as the nucleus of their rebel organization the Brotherhood of Professional Base Ball Players, which was the first union of professional athletes. The Brotherhood was the invention of a Philadelphia sportswriter, William H. Voltz. He tried to introduce it in 1885 and was met with vast mistrust and almost as much disinterest. But in October of that year nine New York Giant players got together to form a branch of the Brotherhood, and the idea started to catch on. A year or so later there were chapters in every National League city, and the Brotherhood had some 90 members. It was not recognized even as an annoyance by the league moguls. But when the ballplayers were confronted with the Classification Plan they had an organization they could turn to.

They were fortunate, too, to have as a leader John Montgomery Ward, a rare bird in that he was a baseball player who not only had a college education but a law degree as well. He played baseball at Penn State, pitched for Providence as a professional, winning 44 games in 1879, and then, after he hurt his arm, became a first-rate shortstop, playing several years for the New York and Brooklyn clubs. Ward's intelligence and dynamism made the Brotherhood into a tight, well-functioning organization, which, had it wanted to, could have called a strike during the 1889 season. It was an open secret that virtually every player in the league was ready to lay down bat ball and glove over the July 4 weekend. But when the strike did not come off the moguls were not surprised. They did not think baseball play-

ers were good for much except wrecking saloons. They were quite wrong. Ward called off the strike because he had much bigger things in mind.

During that summer Ward gave the club owners a final chance to meet with him and redress player grievances. He could get no response and issued a fiery accusation: "A monopolist who denies to others the right to engage in the same business as himself, a proprietor who fences in all available territory and proclaims every would-be settler a trespasser and a thief; an arrogant capitalist who considers money the source of all power and the sole end of existence, an employer who stigmatizes his employees as 'no better than Army mules' and insults their manhood by the imposition of the most arbitrary rules—such is the National League of Professional Base Ball Clubs, and against this an organization of players became an absolute necessity."

The demands of the Brotherhood were simple. They wanted an end to the Classification Plan and the abolition of the practice of buying and selling players. The club owners refused all demands. So, on Nov. 4, 1889 the players met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York to organize their own league. There was a lot of sympathy for the players, but some newspapers attacked them as radicals. Even *The Sporting News*, which supported the Brotherhood, could not help kidding the players. "It was astonishing to see the number of players in tall hats," *The Sporting News* account said. "Larry Twitchell, the Cleveland leftfielder, wore the shiniest tile about the Fifth Avenue Hotel and Joe Mulvey had one on that looked as if it had done duty in many a parade. There was a big display of diamonds on the players' shirt fronts."

In a press release, the players said: "There was a time when the League

*continued*

stood for fair dealing. To-day it stands for dollars and cents. The managers [have] unlimited power and have not hesitated to use it in the most arbitrary way. . . ."

Ward had made his plans carefully. He had enlisted "capitalists" in eight cities who were willing to put up \$20,000 each. This was adequate since all one needed to construct a ball park in those days was a grassy field, some wooden benches and a fence to keep out the people who could not pay 50¢. The capitalists had a variety of motives for making the investment. Cornelius Van Cott, one of the backers of the New York club, put it this way: "My interest in the Brotherhood is simply and purely a matter of principle. I don't believe in the buying and selling of men." On the other hand, Al Johnson of Cleveland was to admit, "I saw people paying \$8,000 and \$10,000 for players. I saw a chance to get them for nothing and I jumped at it."

The eight Brotherhood League cities (the official name of the league was the Players' National League of Base Ball Clubs), were Boston, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. There were direct conflicts with the National League in every city but Buffalo. Philadelphia and Brooklyn had three teams, one of them in the American Association. Schedules were deliberately arranged for maximum conflict of dates. It was a war to the death.

There were four important differences in this league. There was no reserve clause; the players had equal representation on the club's board of directors and any player could, if he wished, buy stock in the club; the players were to share, according to a complicated formula, in the profits of the club and, finally, they could not be released or sold until the end of the season.

For those concessions the players were willing to make sacrifices. Charles A. Comiskey, who was to go on to own the Chicago White Sox, was offered the astounding sum of \$12,000 to play with the Boston team in the NL. He turned it down to play for the Brotherhood team of Chicago at the same salary he had earned the year before.

The NL tried to fight back with other things besides money, which is so expensive. League contracts gave the clubs an option on the services of the players for

the following season, and the courts were asked to enforce them. Most judges, however, said something like this: The League contract is one that binds a player for a number of years and the club for 10 days. They did not blame the player for skipping if he could.

As the season began the NL found itself with other problems just as serious. Since most of the star players elected to go with the new league the NL was losing the attendance war. It was playing with minor league players, hardly more than pickup teams. Nor was it a balanced pickup league. Pittsburgh finished with a record of 23-114. It had trouble meeting its payroll. The New York club was in such trouble it demanded and received a league subsidy. As the season ended, a near-bankrupt Cincinnati NL team sold out to the Brotherhood.

Of course, the Players' League had its problems, too. Things were so bad in Buffalo the team started to play its home games away. By midseason each club had to ante up an additional \$2,500. There were not going to be any profits to share this season.

Things might have been worse. (The Philadelphia Athletics, of the American Association, ran into financial trouble and sold their franchise.) Even so, the combined attendance in both leagues (which was lied about furiously) failed to add up to what the single league had drawn the year before. This led a writer named Caspar W. Whitney to comment in the *Fortnightly Review* of September 1893, "... the people were ... bored with newspaper recrimination and tiresome warfare. . . . It went from bad to worse until, in the last year or so, the better class of American sportsmen appear to have lost all interest in professional baseball; in fact, professional sports in the United States is dead."

Only two teams in the Brotherhood League—Boston, which won the pennant, and Chicago—made any money. Estimates of the amount lost ranged from as low as \$30,000 all the way to \$125,000. The National League dropped between \$200,000 and \$500,000. With a good pair of shoes going for \$5 and a custom-made suit selling for \$25, that was a lot of red ink. So the National League, now fighting for its life, appointed a committee to sue for peace. The committee was authorized to explore mergers, serious concessions to the players or any other measures that would save the in-

vestments made. On the committee were A. G. Spalding of Chicago, John B. Day of New York and C. H. Byrne of Brooklyn. The capitalists for the Brotherhood were Al Johnson of Cleveland, Wendell Goodwin of Brooklyn and Edward Talcott of New York.

They met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and no one ever agreed on precisely what happened at that meeting. Either the Brotherhood representatives were totally outgeneraled or they sold out. "It was," *The Sporting News* complained bitterly, "a clear case of Talcott and Goodwin going over to the enemy." When they came out of the meeting the National League had the upper hand. Spalding was later able to write that to his great surprise the Brotherhood men accepted his demand for "unconditional surrender." This was like the man with the blindfold demanding that the firing squad surrender, but it happened.

At the next meeting the National Leaguers arrogantly refused to accept the presence of three players on the Brotherhood committee, and not long after that the Brotherhood men from New York and Brooklyn announced they had sold their clubs to their opposite numbers in the other league. The Brotherhood League was out of business before the next season began.

The National Leaguers pretended to make some concessions. One of them was that players could not be sold without permission. But all of that was soon forgotten. The only thing the players came away with was the end of the hated Classification Plan. The militant John Montgomery Ward the next season became manager for Brooklyn and somewhat conservative in his views about money for players. Later still he became a successful lawyer.

From time to time since then, union talk has been heard around the leagues. After World War II a lawyer named Robert Murphy almost succeeded in touching off a strike in Pittsburgh. The players came out of that abortive effort with a powerless players' association, a sort of company union, and a powerful pension plan. Now they are represented by Marvin J. Miller, the \$55,000-a-year executive director of the Major League Baseball Players Association. Miller has already made a target of the reserve clause and the way players are sold like cattle, or is it Army mules? So here we go again.



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